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# MAD



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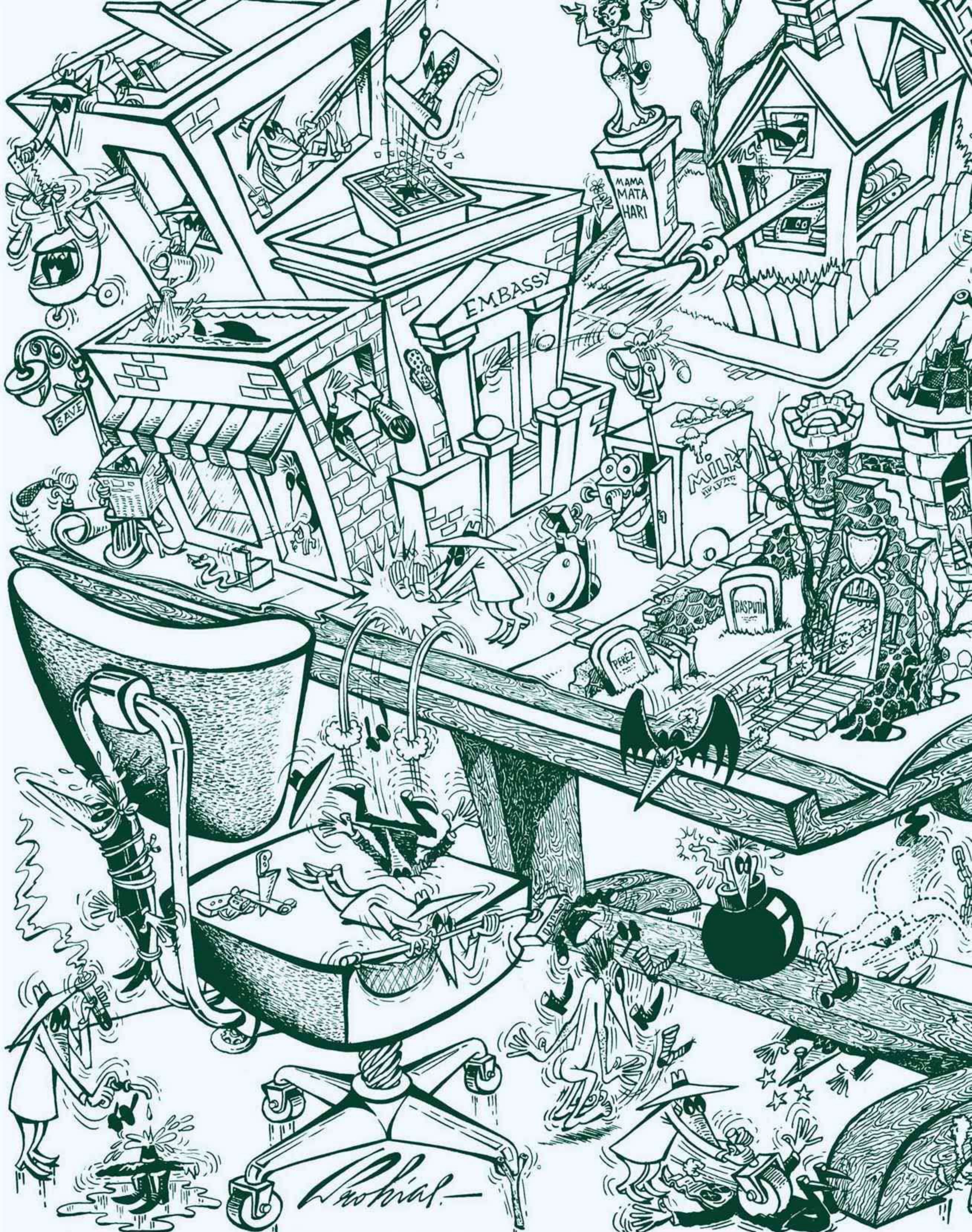
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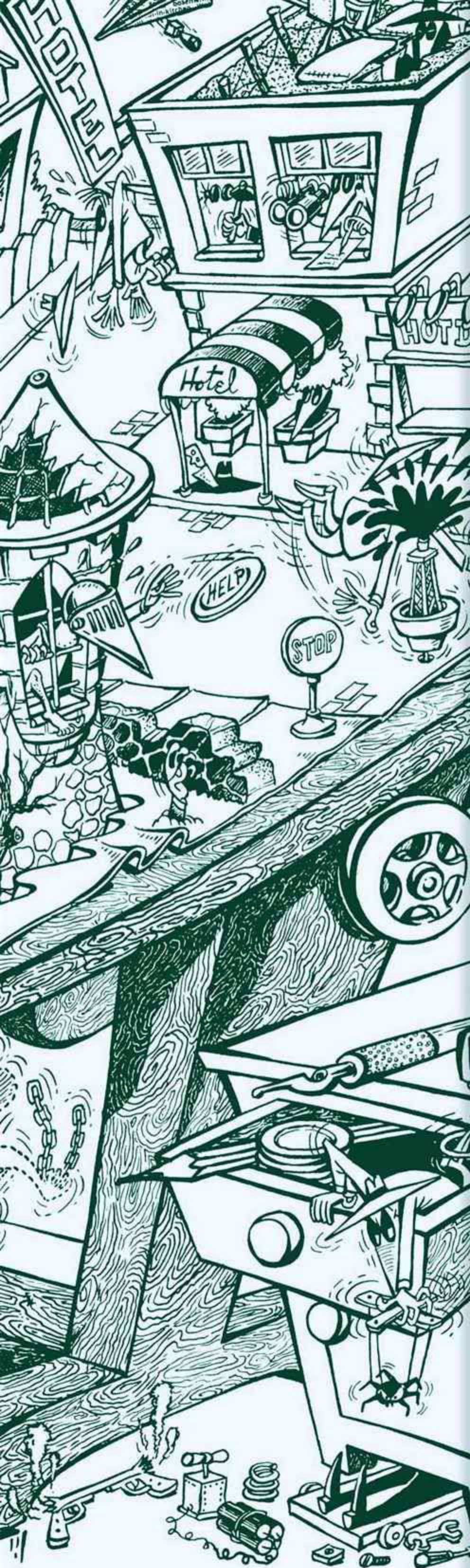
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# MAD

NO. 18

APRIL 2021

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**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS** The Usual Gang of Idiots

**INSIDE BACK COVER** A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

**VARIOUS PLACES** Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

**COVER ARTIST** Peter Kuper

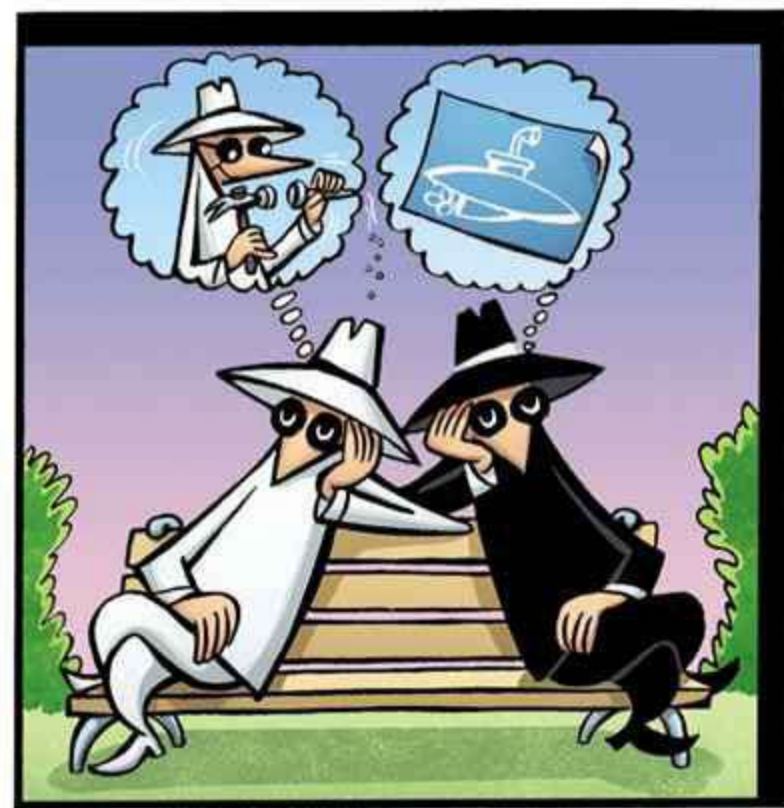
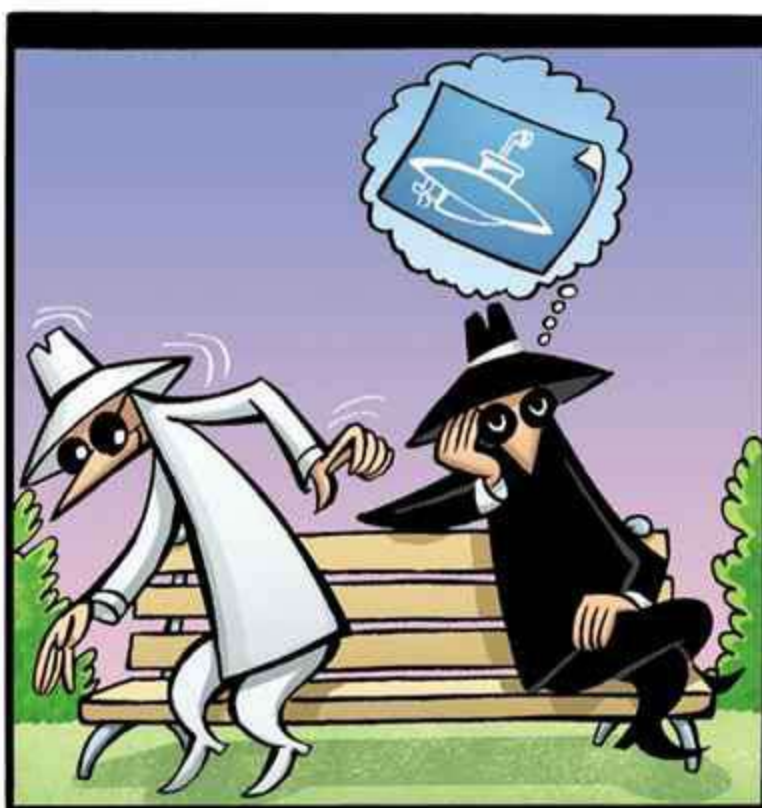
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

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WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #60, JAN 1961





Okay, Gang! It's time for another MAD version of a popular movie. Lean back, relax, take your shoes off, notice that the people sitting next to you are running for other seats, put your shoes back on, and join us as...

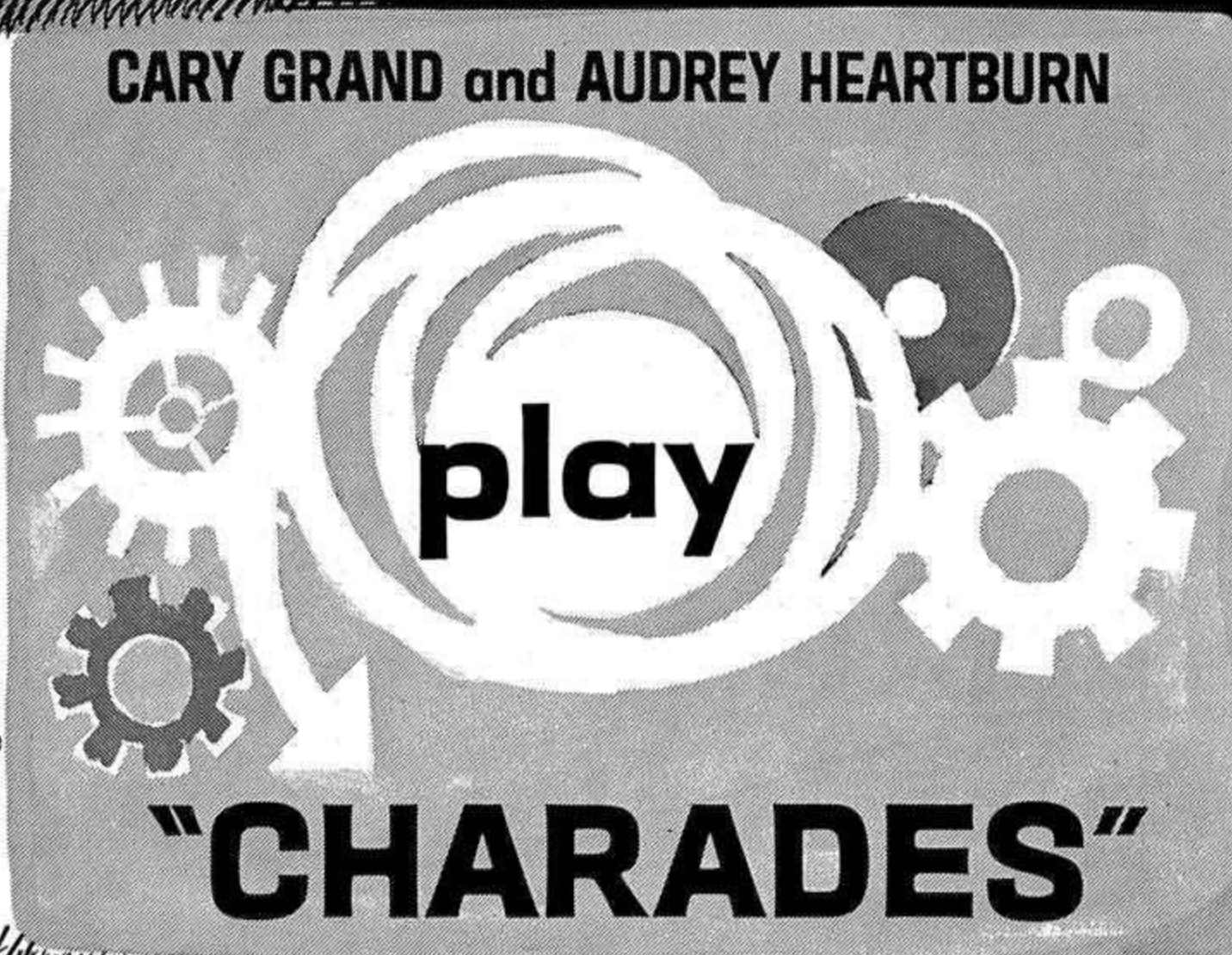
# MAD VISITS THE PRODUCER-DIRECTOR OF "CHARADES"

WRITER LARRY SIEGEL ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

Hello, there! I'm Stanley Done-In, the Producer-Director of the 1963 film "CHARADES"! I'd like to show you... Hey! Stop the projector! Have you gone out of your mind?!

What's the matter, S.D.? Aren't the opening titles modernistic enough? Isn't the opening musical score jazzy enough?

They're both fine—but who starts a movie nowadays with opening titles? First you get in drama—then plot-development—then the climax—then the words "The End" ... THEN the opening titles!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #88, JUL 1964



There—that's a much better opening ... a dead body being thrown from a train!

In a horrible comedy like this—I mean a horror-comedy like this, you must shock the audience immediately ...



This may come as a shock to Mr. Done-In, but I'm not a dead body! We commuters on the Long Island Railroad always get tossed off the train at our stops like this!

The dead body was gently lifted off a mile back!







Now cut to an Alpine ski resort. Those people who weren't shocked by the dead body will be shocked by the live Cary Grand without make-up!

Dialogue in any Cary Grand movie is always the same as dialogue in real life. Richard Burton's real life!



Cary, what happened? You look like you're 60 years old.

I AM 60 years old.

But you're supposed to look 35... for at least 60 more years.

I know, but I've been worrying a lot lately.

What have you been worrying about?

How I'm going to look 35 for 60 more years!



I'm Peter Josher. I'm witty, suave, sophisticated, a fabulous dresser, and unemployed.

I'm Rigid Lambone. We've known each other for two minutes and five seconds now... so naturally I've fallen in love with you!

As usual, I act cute and coy, so you'll have to chase me for 10 reels.

I don't mind. How fast can an old man run?



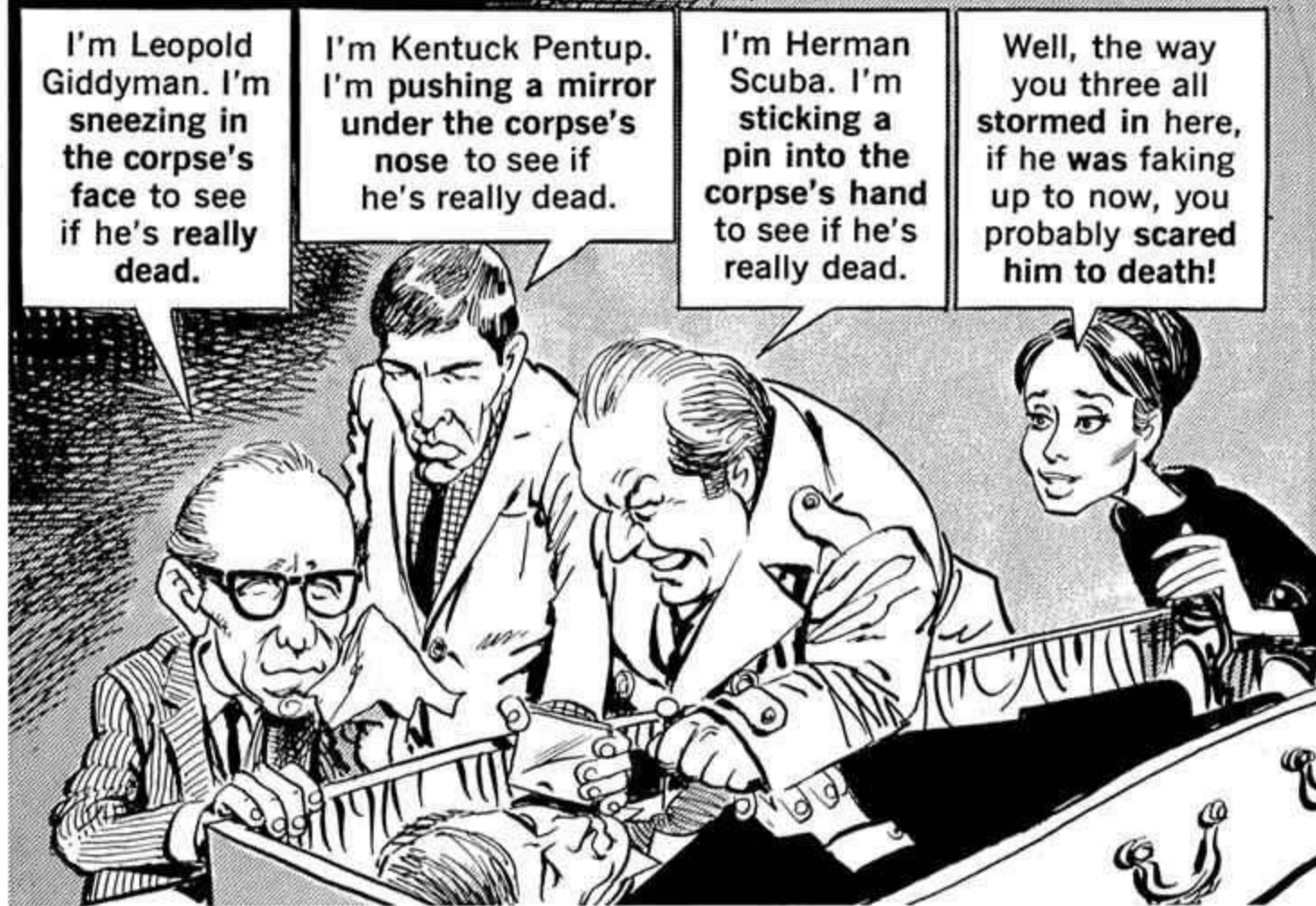
Now we cut to the exciting suspense-filled scene when Rigid arrives at her apartment in Paris and finds it stripped bare. She rushes from room to room opening closets—

Injecting humor into morbid scenes is a prerequisite of a horror-comedy like this one. Take this scene at the funeral, where we meet three murder suspects:



What a shock. What an awful disappointment. You must feel terrible not finding any clothes in your closets.

I don't feel half as bad as the audience. They're shocked and disappointed because I didn't find any bodies in my closets!



I'm Leopold Giddyman. I'm sneezing in the corpse's face to see if he's really dead.

I'm Kentuck Pentup. I'm pushing a mirror under the corpse's nose to see if he's really dead.

I'm Herman Scuba. I'm sticking a pin into the corpse's hand to see if he's really dead.

Well, the way you three all stormed in here, if he was faking up to now, you probably scared him to death!

Note the injection of humor in this next gripping scene of intrigue at the U.S. Embassy.

Next, the hero takes the heroine to a Paris night club, and being so debonnaire and sophisticated, they naturally play "pass the orange" on the dance floor.

...so anyway, your husband was murdered and his body thrown from that train. The three main suspects are old army buddies of his. They're after \$250,000 the four of them stole from the U.S. Government during the war. Your husband is believed to have hidden it somewhere.

Why is a distinguished ambassador like you telling me this horrible news while wearing those ridiculous shorts?

The writer couldn't think of any witty remarks I could make to get laughs!



What's this got to do with the plot?

Not a thing. It just gives me a chance to act cute and coy with this old lady so all the old ladies in the audience can identify with her!







Suddenly, Rigid finds herself passing the orange to Giddyman, one of the murder suspects. He threatens to torture her . . .

The second suspect, Kentuck, threatens Rigid with lighted matches in a phone booth . . .

But I swear I don't know where my husband's money is.

You better tell me or I'll make you play this game the hard way.

How do you play this game the hard way?

You have to pass cans of frozen orange juice!



I swear, Kentuck, I don't know where the money is.

You better tell me or I'll set your dress on fire. Or maybe I'll set your hair on fire! Or maybe I'll make you die the most horrible death of all. I'll make you smoke a cigarette!!



The third suspect, Scuba—a big, fat, grotesque slobbering hulk with an artificial hand—waits for Rigid and threatens her in her hotel room.

And then, a hysterical new development! The hero, Peter Josher, becomes a fourth suspect.

You better meet me with the money in front of Notre Dame Cathedral tomorrow at noon, **OR ELSE!!**

How will I be able to recognize you?

I'll wear a rose in my lapel.



Scuba just phoned to tell me you're not really Peter Josher—and that you're after the money too.

That's right. Now the plot starts to get complicated. You see, for the rest of the movie, I'll pretend to be many different people. That's why the picture is called "Charades"! Get it?



F'rinstance, now that I'm no longer Peter Josher, I'll be Alex Dial. And when you find out I'm not Alex Alex Dial, I'll be Adam Caulfield, then Mike Stokie, then Hans Conried . . .

Well, after you pretend to be all those people, who will you turn out to be—really and truly?

Let's save that for the big climax scene. Meanwhile, just to inject a serious note into all this hilarious horror, I'm taking a shower with all my clothes on!



Now for the scene that's a "must" for every horror-comedy movie like this one, the thrilling but frightening fight on the rooftop, with witty remarks to take the edge off.

You know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to rip out your eyes and throw you off the roof and you'll hit the ground and smash all your bones and bleed all over the . . .

Gee whiz, Scuba . . . can't you ever be serious!?

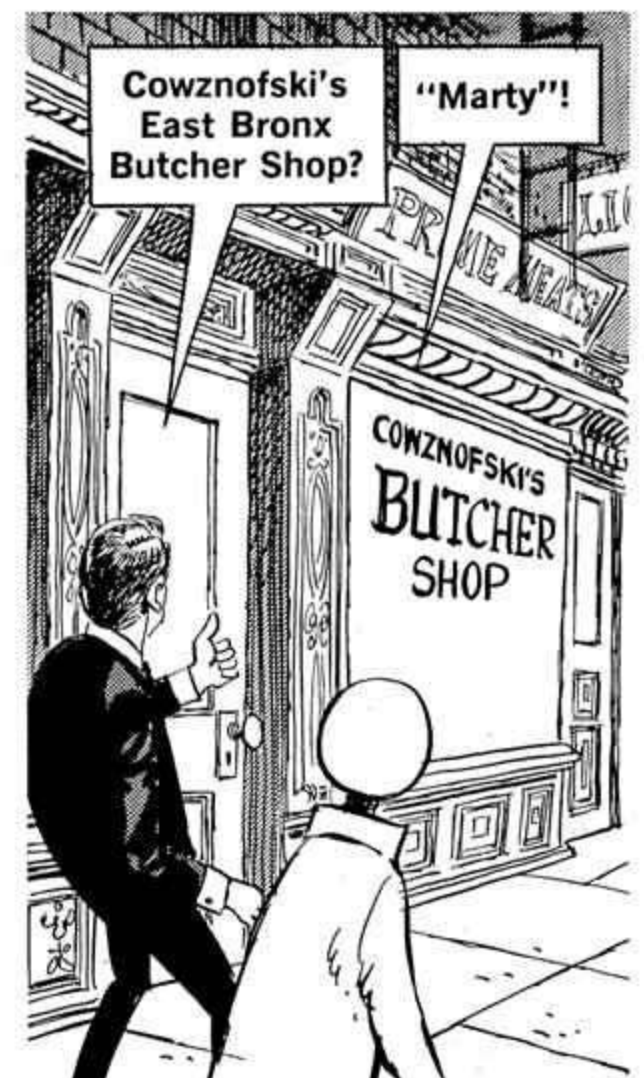
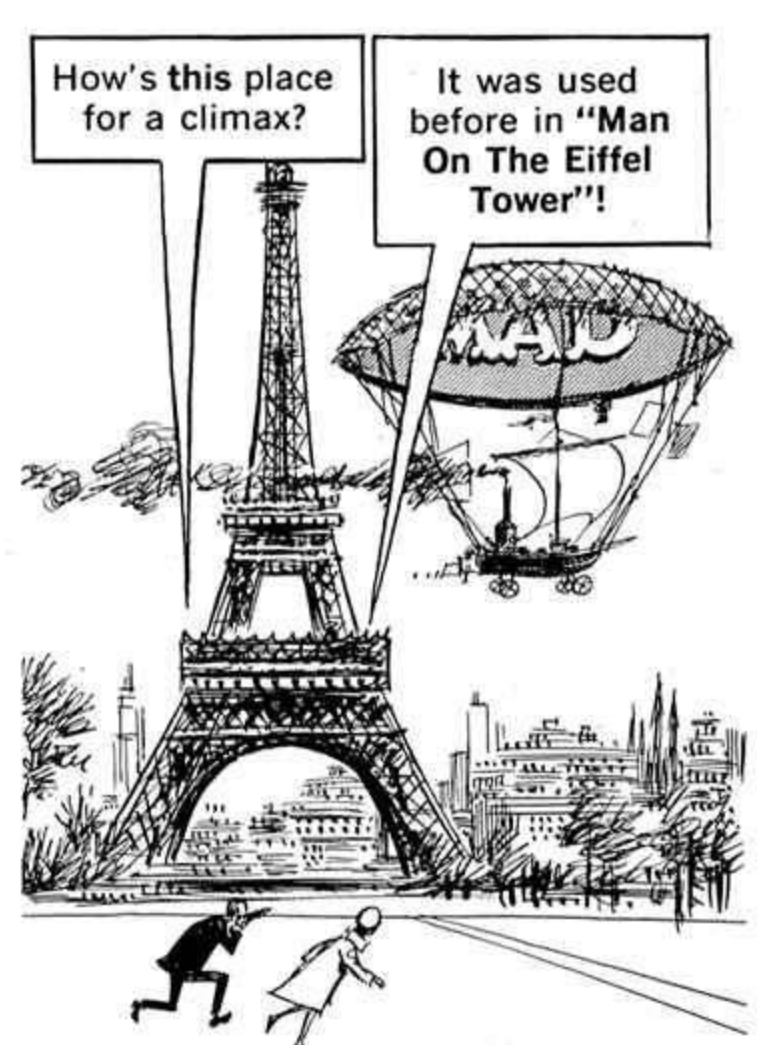
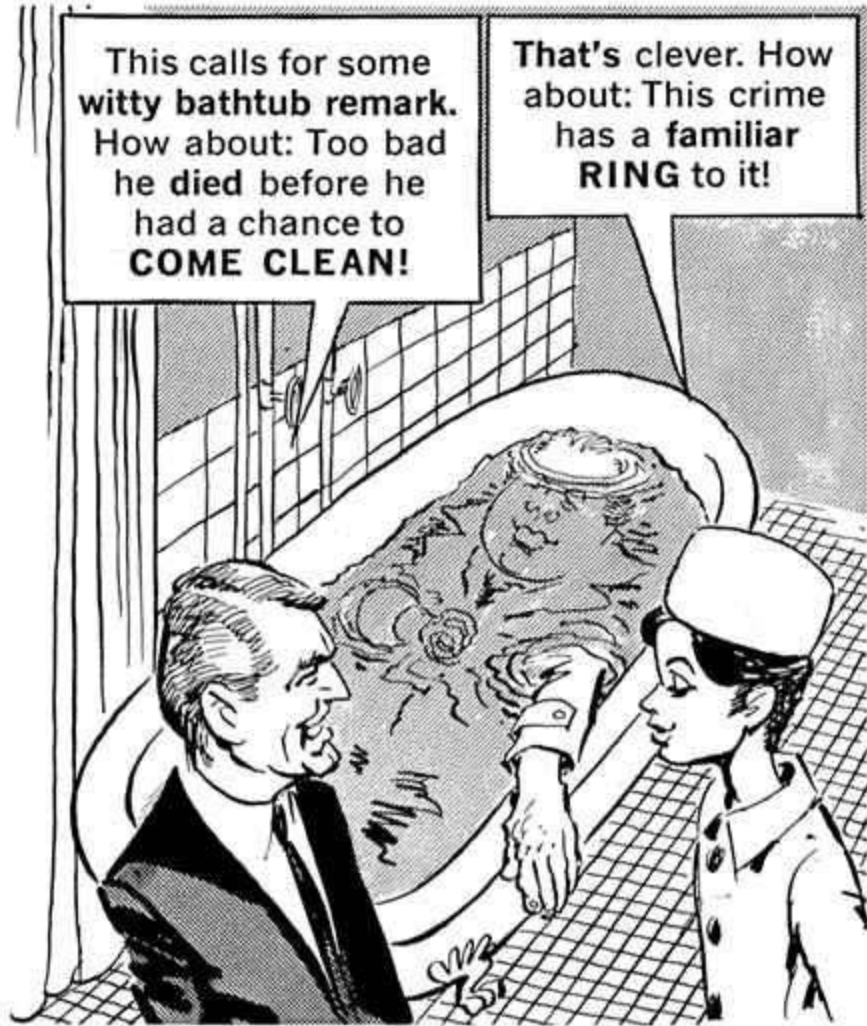




And now for some really funny scenes:  
Scuba is found drowned in a bathtub.

Next, Giddyman's throat  
is slit in an elevator...

And finally, Kentuck is found with a  
vinyl plastic bag tied over his head.





I guess there are no more original world landmarks left to stage an exciting climax scene. Besides, I frankly don't care where the money is or who the murderer is. But there's one thing I must know. You've played so many different people in this movie, tell me... Who are you really? I mean really!

I'm glad you asked! Let's play "Charades" from the picture of the same name. Ready for the first clue?

Little word—  
a!—an!—the!  
The first word  
is "THE"!

Tall!—Large!—  
Big!—Bigger!—  
Biggest! The  
second word is  
"BIGGEST"!  
"THE BIGGEST—"

Third word—  
Star!—STAR!  
Fourth word—  
Square!—Box!  
Box top!—Box  
Score!—Box  
Office!—BOX  
OFFICE!

"THE BIGGEST  
BOX OFFICE  
STAR—IN—  
THE—WHOLE  
WORLD!"



Let's see...  
you acted out  
that you are...

"THE BIGGEST  
BOX OFFICE  
STAR IN THE  
WHOLE WORLD..."

WHO IS ALWAYS  
ACTING  
NAUSEATINGLY  
COY WITH THE  
OPPOSITE SEX...

INSTEAD OF PLAYING  
MORE APPROPRIATE  
GROWN-UP ROLES...

FOR SOMEONE  
WAY PAST  
MIDDLE AGE"!

I  
THINK  
I KNOW  
WHO  
IT IS.



I got it. You're  
really yourself!  
CARY GRAND!

Wrong! I'm  
really  
DORIS DAYE!



Then if you're  
Doris Daye,  
The murderer  
must be...

STOP THE PROJECTOR!  
THAT'S ENOUGH! LET'S  
NOT GIVE AWAY THE  
BIG SURPRISE!



Anyway, that's "Charades" folks. A picture full of murder, suspense, shock, chases, tongue-in-cheek dialogue and sex! Which brings us to another surprise. I'm really playing Charades myself! You see—I'm not really Stanley Done-In!

I'm really  
ALFRED HATCHPLOT!  
Who else could've  
made this picture?



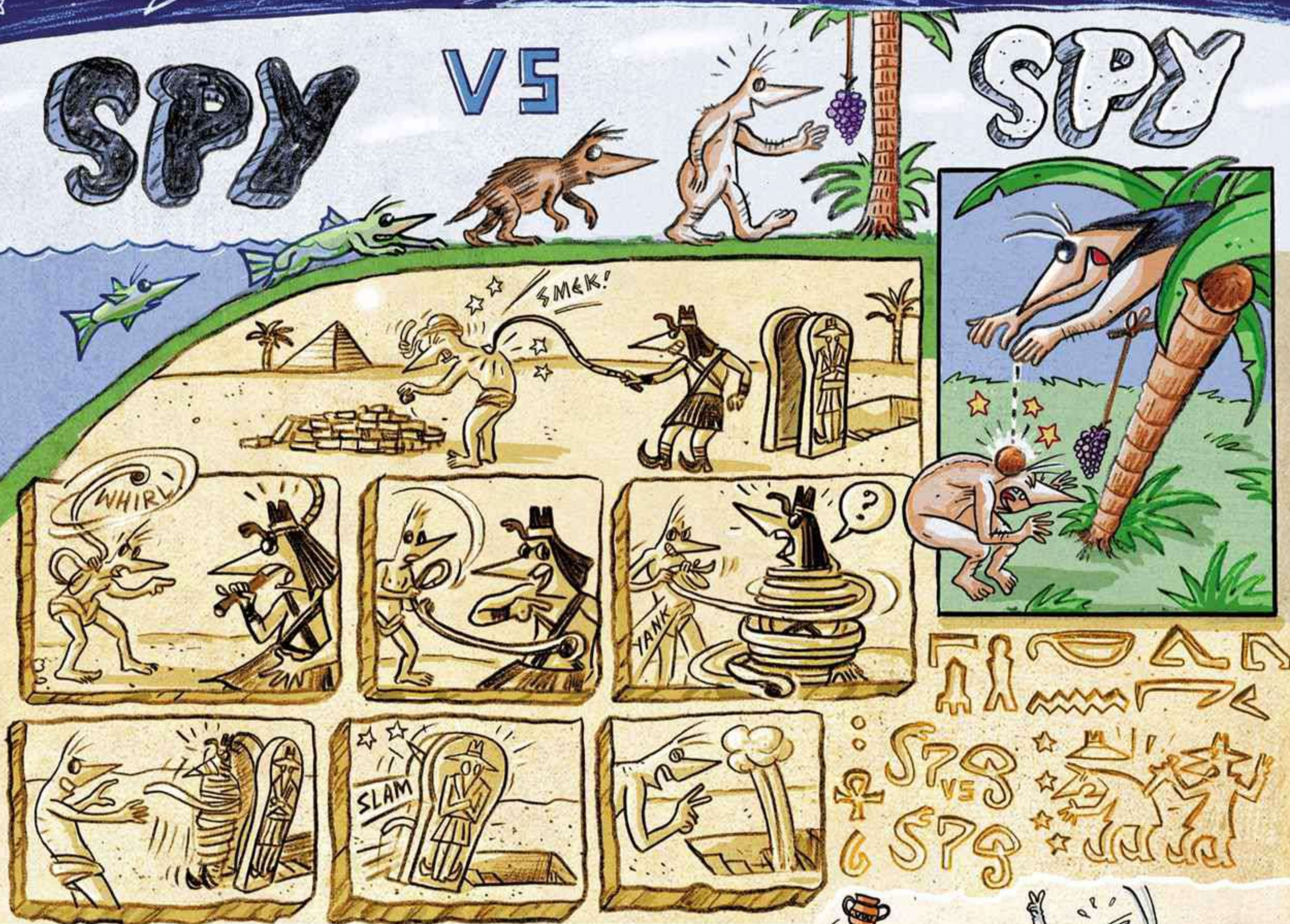




# BANG!



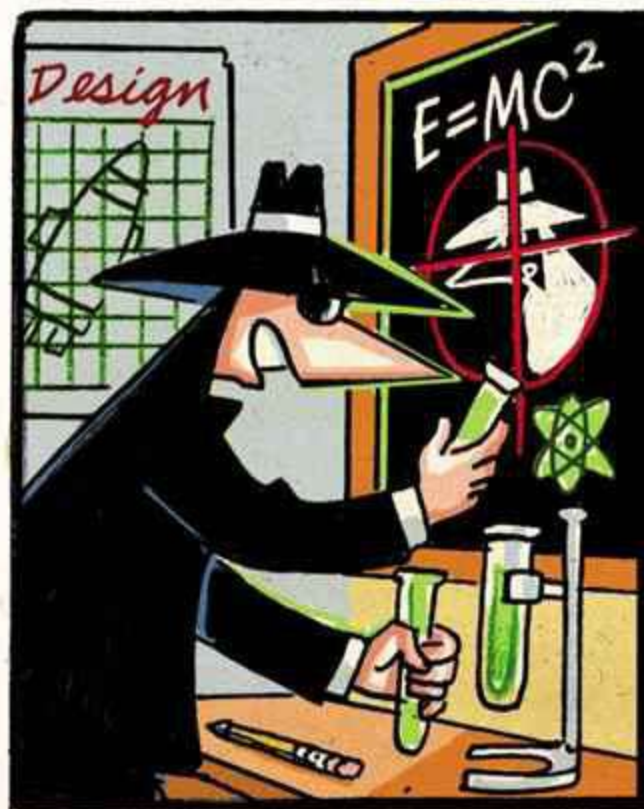
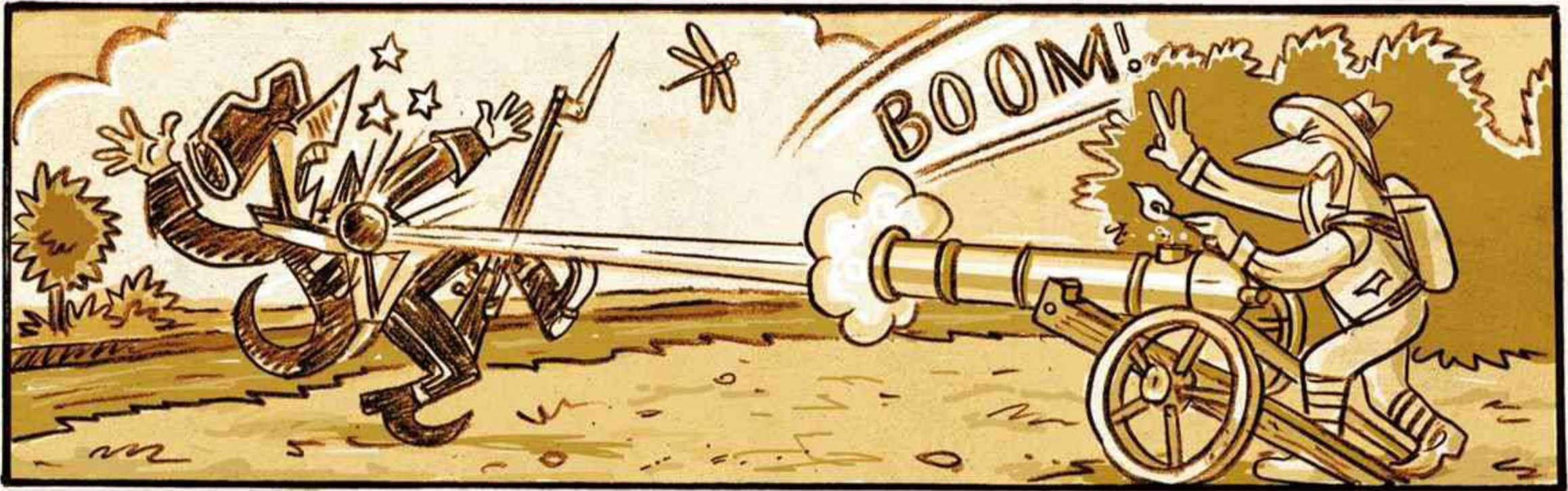
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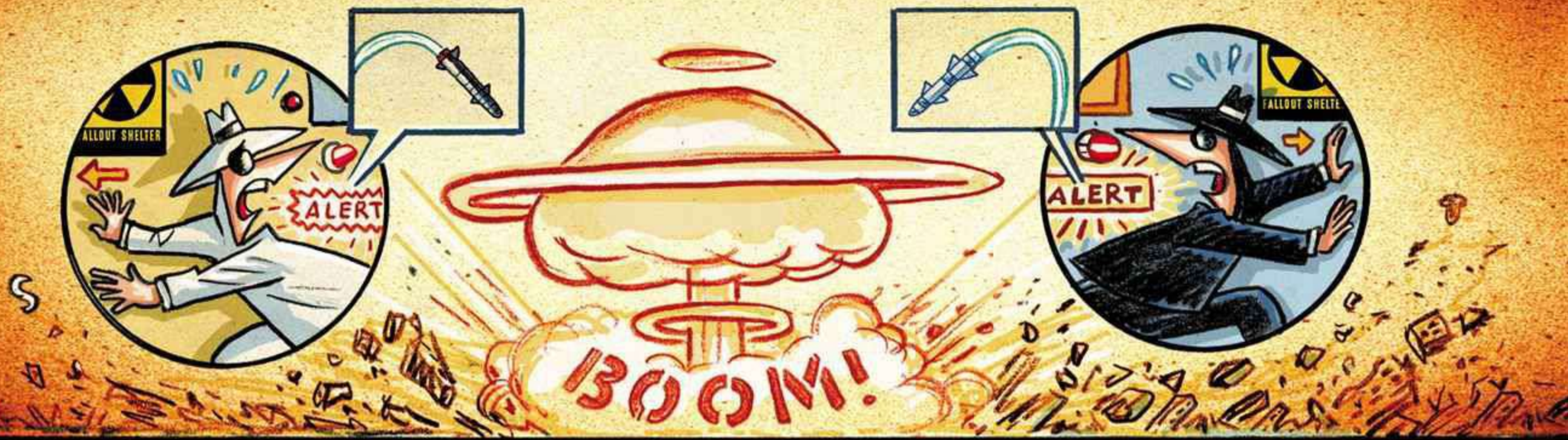
SPY vs SPY 400 B.C.











KUPER





ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #184, JUL 1976



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Project it on a wide screen!



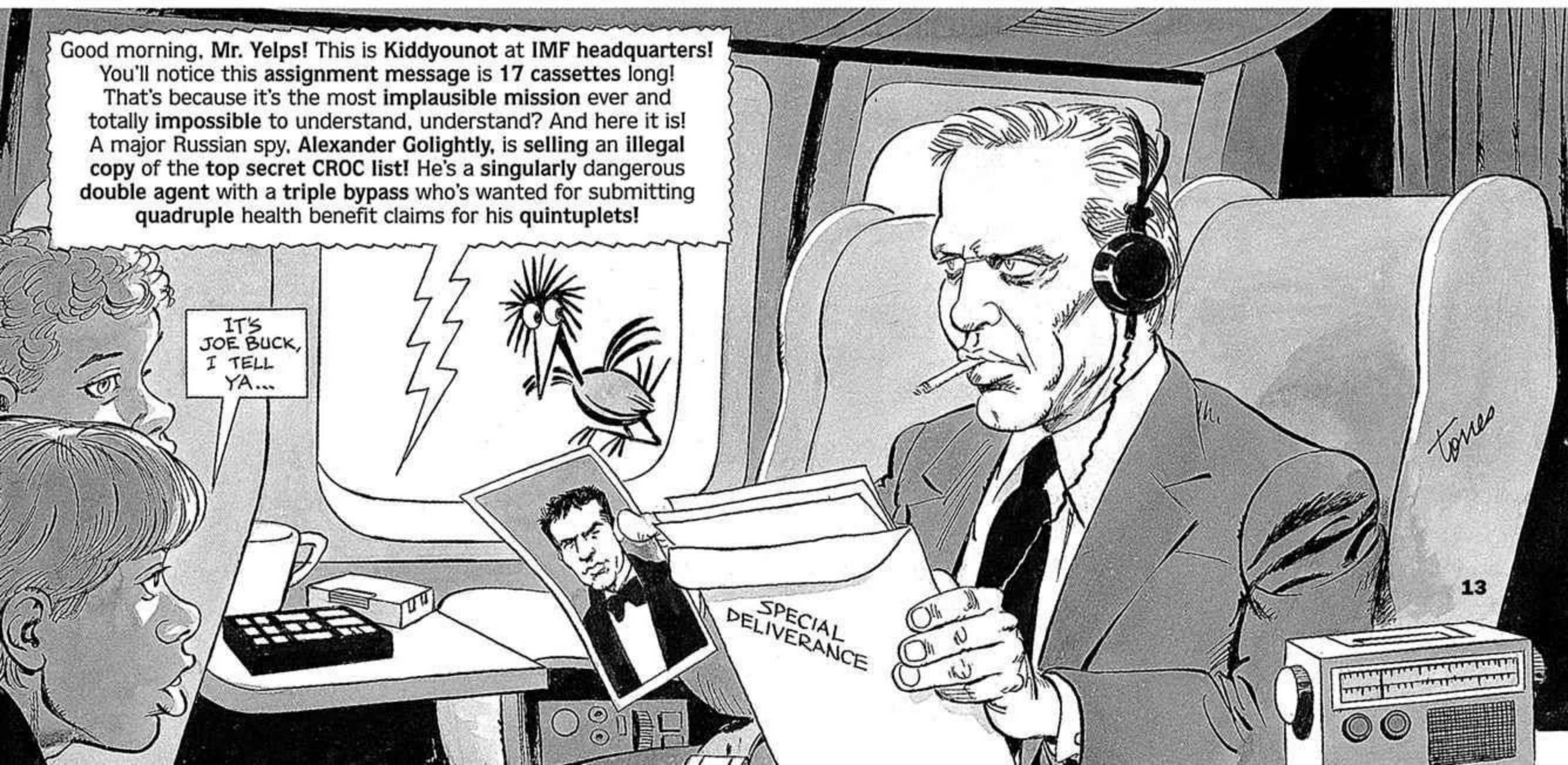
And whaddaya get? Mainly, a profound desire for that great, old TV show with its fun, exciting plots and wonderful, believable cast! But it's too late! 'Cause once again those Hollywood geniuses have screwed up, leaving you...

# WISQUIN' for IMPOSSIBLE WISQUIN' the IMPOSSIBLE

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST ANGELO TORRES

Good morning, Mr. Yelps! This is Kiddyounot at IMF headquarters! You'll notice this assignment message is 17 cassettes long! That's because it's the most implausible mission ever and totally impossible to understand, understand? And here it is! A major Russian spy, Alexander Golightly, is selling an illegal copy of the top secret CROC list! He's a singularly dangerous double agent with a triple bypass who's wanted for submitting quadruple health benefit claims for his quintuplets!

IT'S  
JOE BUCK,  
I TELL  
YA...





I trust you're with me so far, right Yelps? Yelps! Wake up, you fool! Now listen! Your IMF team on this mission incredible is: Ether Hunk! Handsome, young and fearless, he's one of our most trusted agents, which means we only keep him under surveillance 23 hours a day!

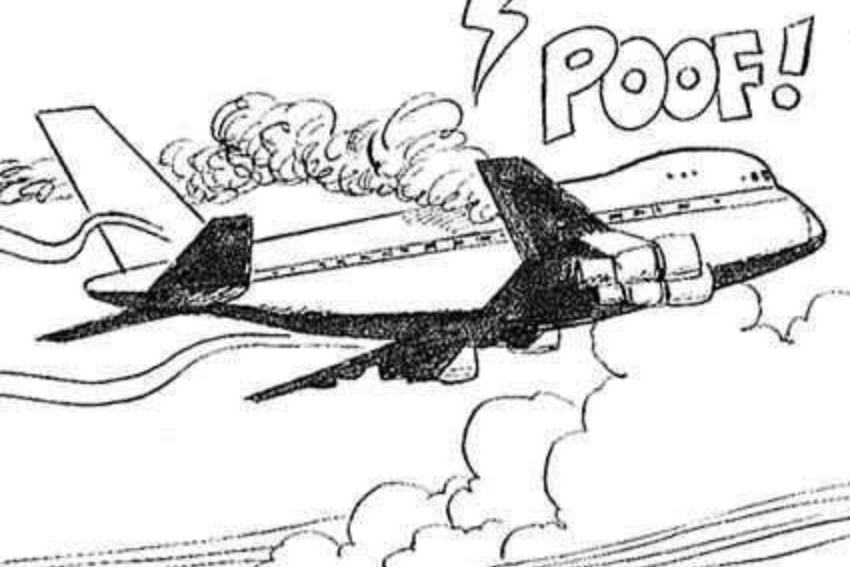
Clam! She drinks much more than she should, which clouds her judgment when she's with younger men, like Hunk! She wears sexy clothes, provocative perfume, and is very seductive! Of course, you wouldn't know any of this, considering Clam is your wife!

Jerk Keeper is your "tech support"! He can disarm burglar alarms, intercept secret transmissions, crack tough security codes and use his computer to break into any mainframe in the world! Just don't mention WINDOWS 95 to him! He still can't figure it out!

And this is Sayonara! You don't need to know anything about her, because she'll be dead soon anyway! And that's your dream team, Yelps!



They're not the best agents, but they're the ones with the nicest 8X10's! Your mission is to take this unbelievably complicated mess and turn it into a major motion picture! As always, this tape will self destruct! The plot for this movie already has!



The Russian spy Golightly plans to steal the CROC list tomorrow night!

What is the CROC list?

Who knows? Who cares! The object here is breaking in, wiretapping and stealing it before someone else does!

We only know one thing! Everyone wants the list — third world terrorists, tin-pot tyrants, arms merchants, drug lords, and worst of all, telemarketers!



Ether, here's something new for you to carry! If you get in any trouble, mix these two bubble gum wads together and you'll create a small but effective explosion!

Great! How long did it take you to develop that formula?

It's no formula, it's just what happens when you mix Topps and Fleece bubble gum together! I got it from my son, Lefty! Of course, he wasn't always called Lefty!



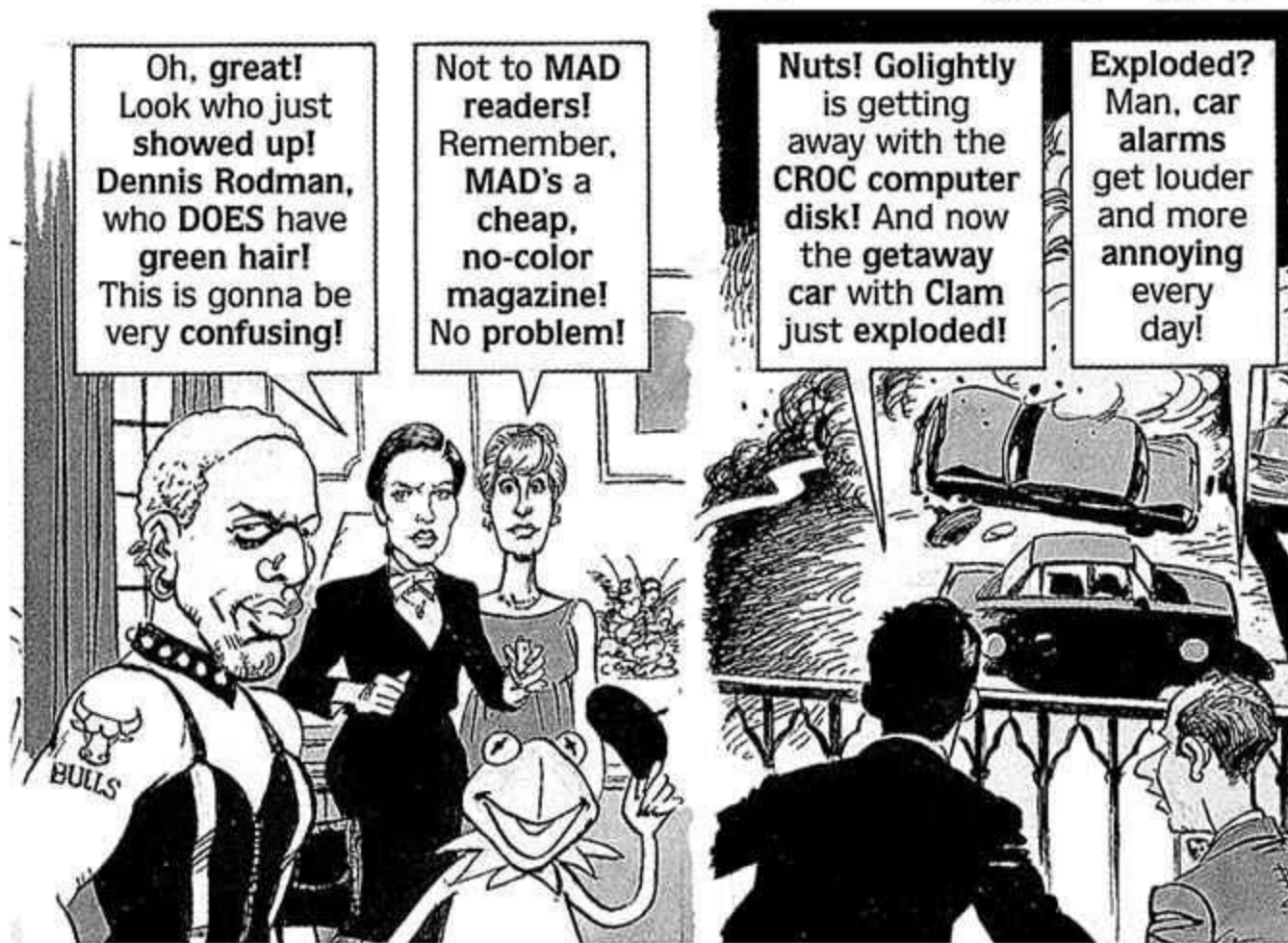
This is Sayonara! I'm at the Embassy party! I've marked Golightly with the special spray that makes his hair appear green! But only when viewed on our special electronic surveillance equipment!

Sayonara, what happened to your hair? It's all green!

Damn! That spray nozzle was on backwards again!





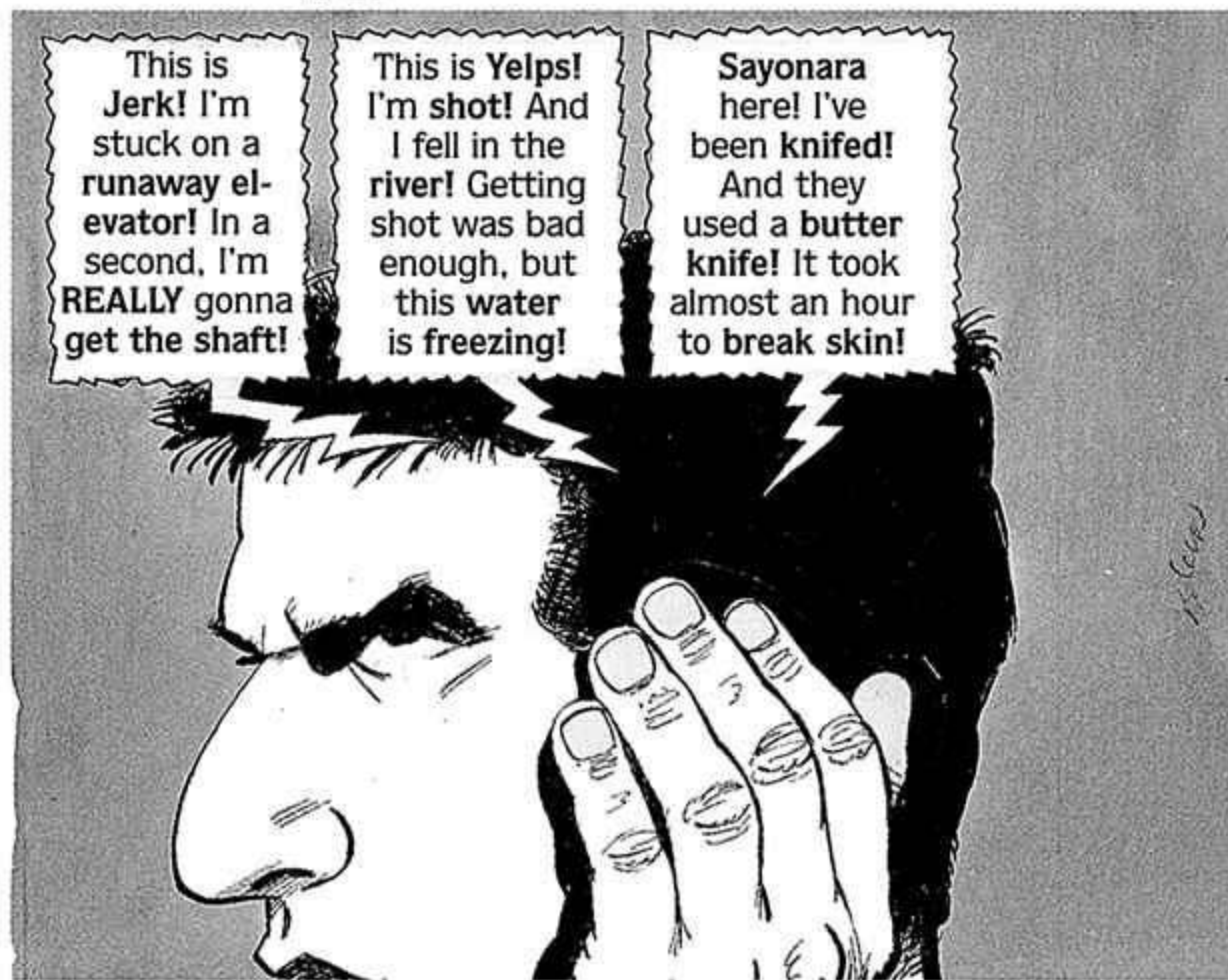


Oh, great!  
Look who just  
showed up!  
Dennis Rodman,  
who DOES have  
green hair!  
This is gonna be  
very confusing!

Not to MAD  
readers!  
Remember,  
MAD's a  
cheap,  
no-color  
magazine!  
No problem!

Nuts! Golightly  
is getting  
away with the  
CROC computer  
disk! And now  
the getaway  
car with Clam  
just exploded!

Exploded?  
Man, car  
alarms  
get louder  
and more  
annoying  
every day!



This is  
Jerk! I'm  
stuck on a  
runaway el-  
evator! In a  
second, I'm  
REALLY gonna  
get the shaft!

This is Yelps!  
I'm shot! And  
I fell in the  
river! Getting  
shot was bad  
enough, but  
this water  
is freezing!

Sayonara  
here! I've  
been knifed!  
And they  
used a butter  
knife! It took  
almost an hour  
to break skin!



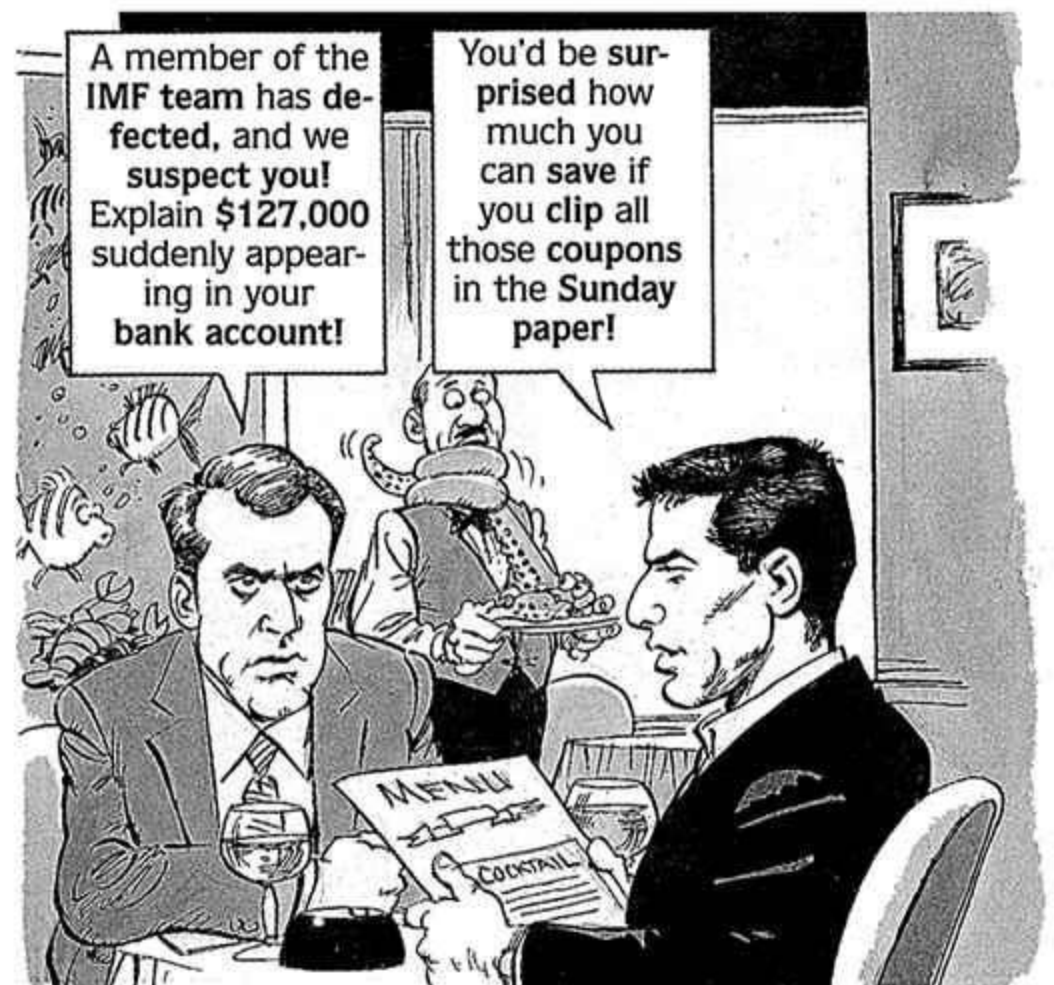
Ether,  
this is  
Kiddyounot!  
How's the  
Mission  
Inconceivable  
going?

It's going really  
great! A few minor  
hitches: Clam, Jerk  
Sayonara and  
Gym are all  
dead! But hey, no  
mission is perfect!

Let's  
meet  
in half  
an hour!  
Where  
are  
you?

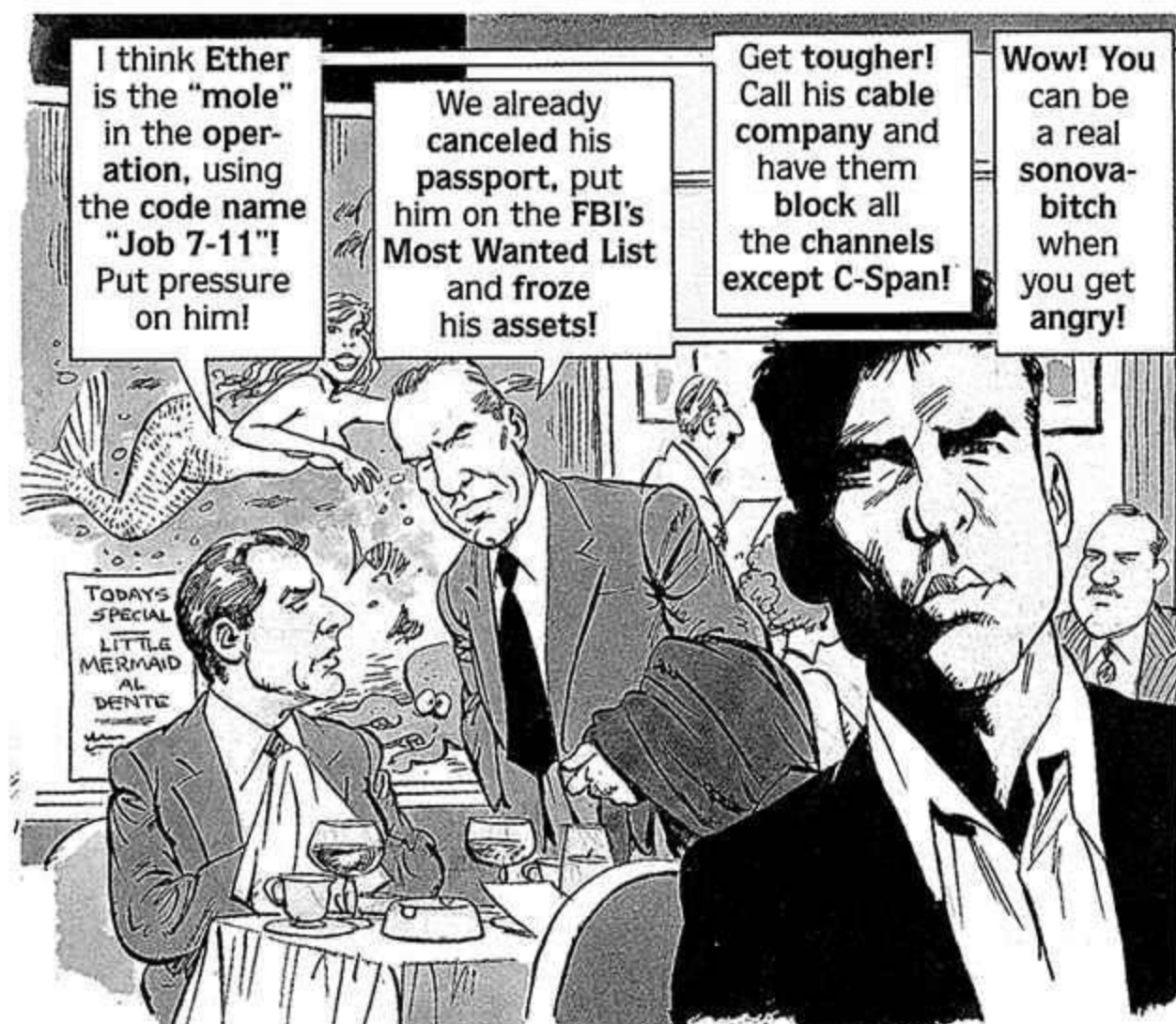
I don't  
know! This  
mission is  
so secret,  
my airline  
ticket was  
blank!

My ticket  
was blank  
too! That  
means we must  
be in the  
same place!  
See you in  
half an hour!



A member of the  
IMF team has de-  
fected, and we  
suspect you!  
Explain \$127,000  
suddenly appear-  
ing in your  
bank account!

You'd be sur-  
prised how  
much you  
can save if  
you clip all  
those coupons  
in the Sunday  
paper!



I think Ether  
is the "mole"  
in the oper-  
ation, using  
the code name  
"Job 7-11"! Put  
pressure  
on him!

We already  
canceled his  
passport, put  
him on the FBI's  
Most Wanted List  
and froze  
his assets!

Get tougher!  
Call his cable  
company and  
have them  
block all  
the channels  
except C-Span!

Wow! You  
can be  
a real sonova-  
bitch when  
you get  
angry!



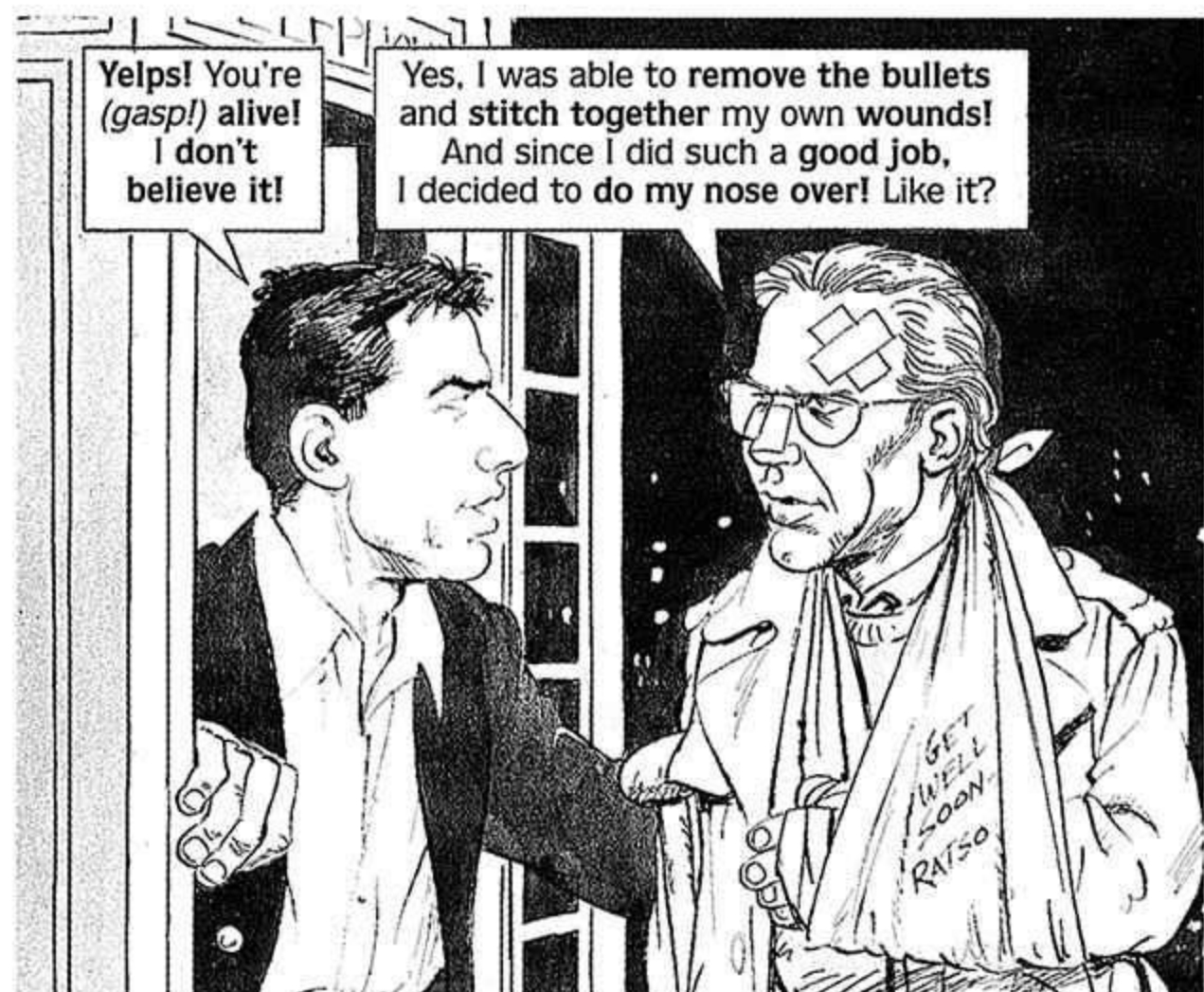
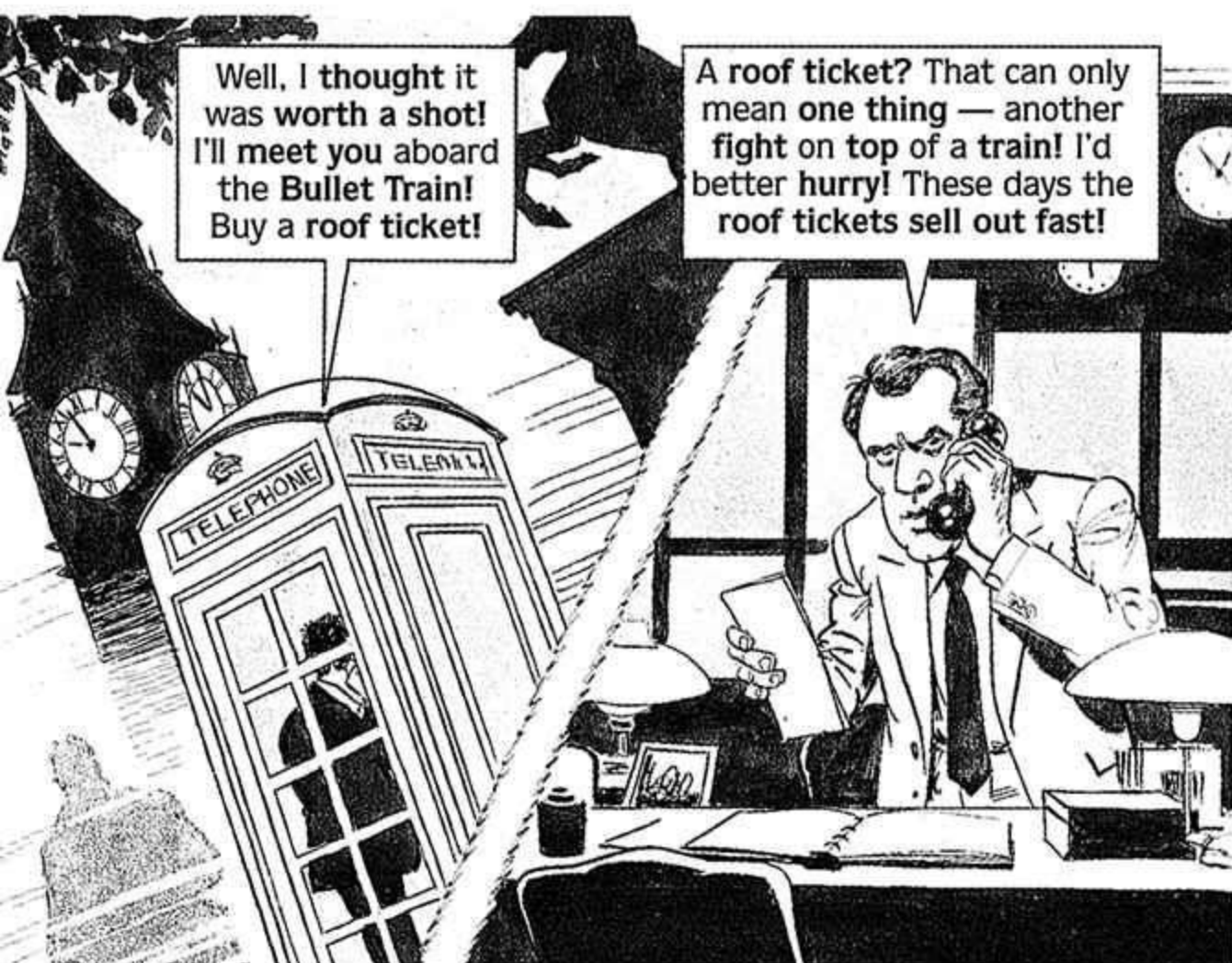
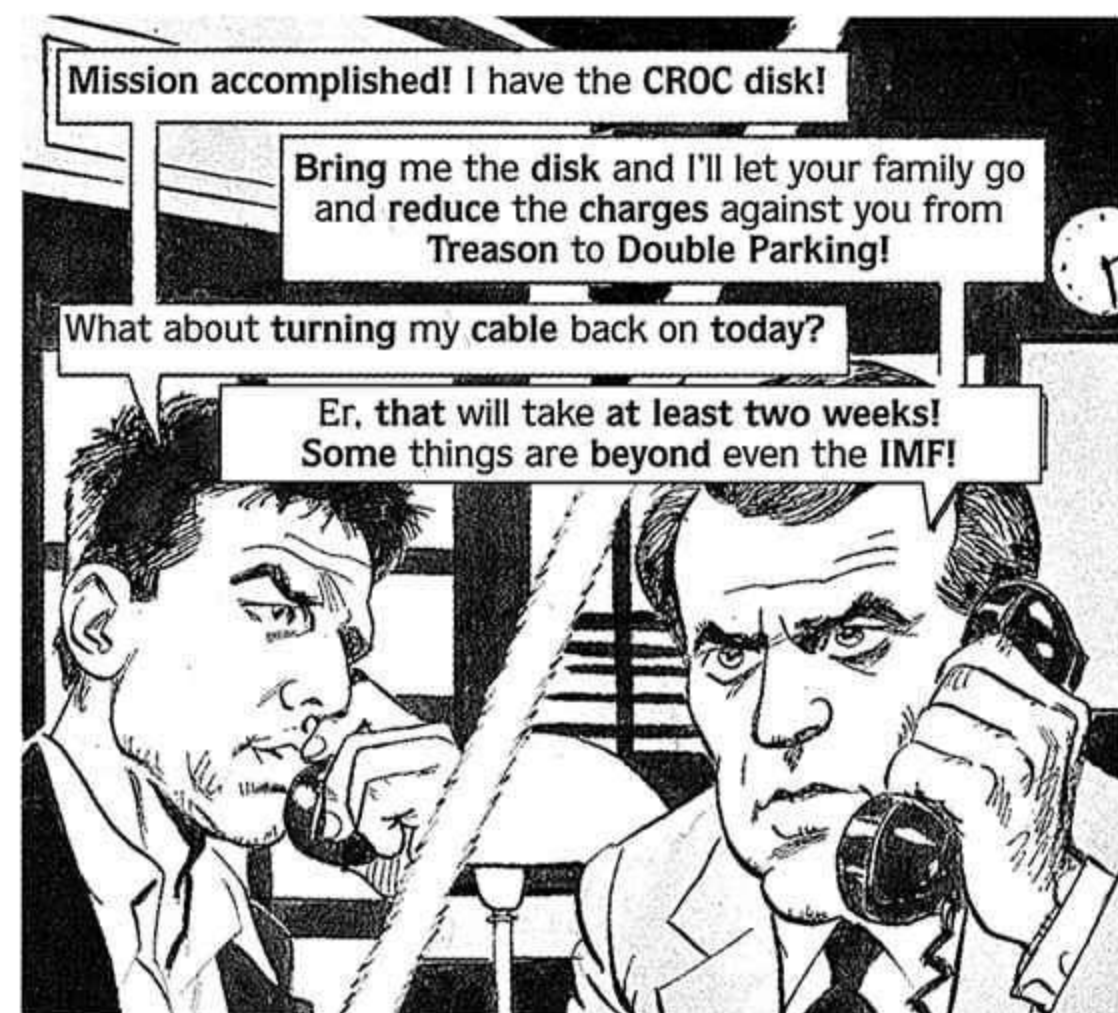
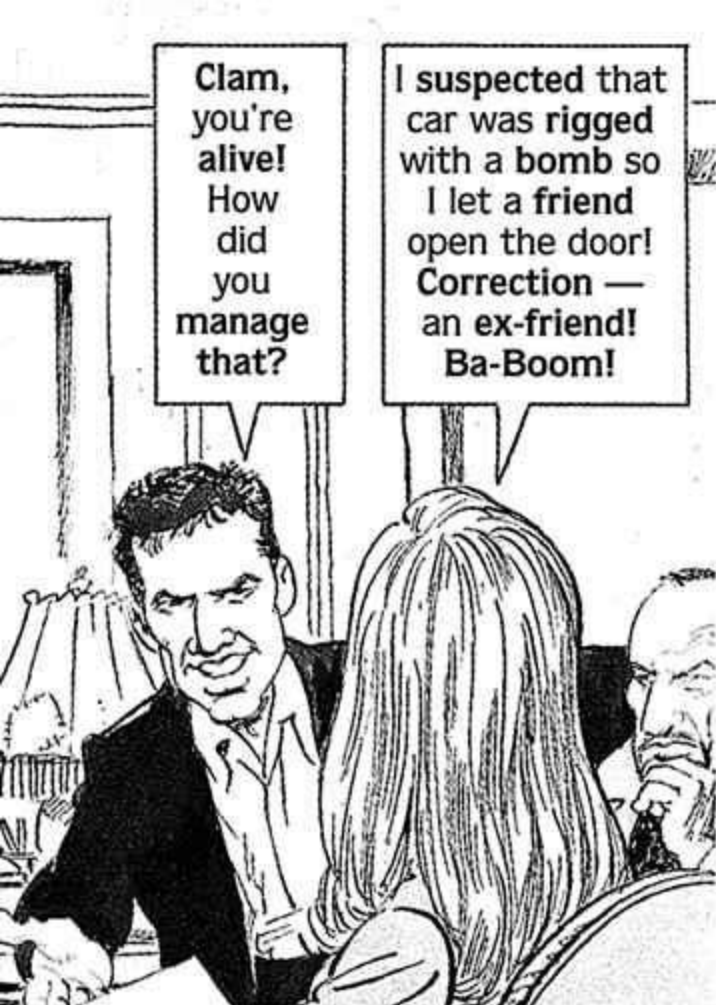
I typed every variation of  
"Job 7-11" into my laptop —  
nothing! Then I realized it was  
a Biblical reference! It was  
scribbled right on the first  
page: "For selling classified  
information at the highest  
rates see Lax, secret agent!"



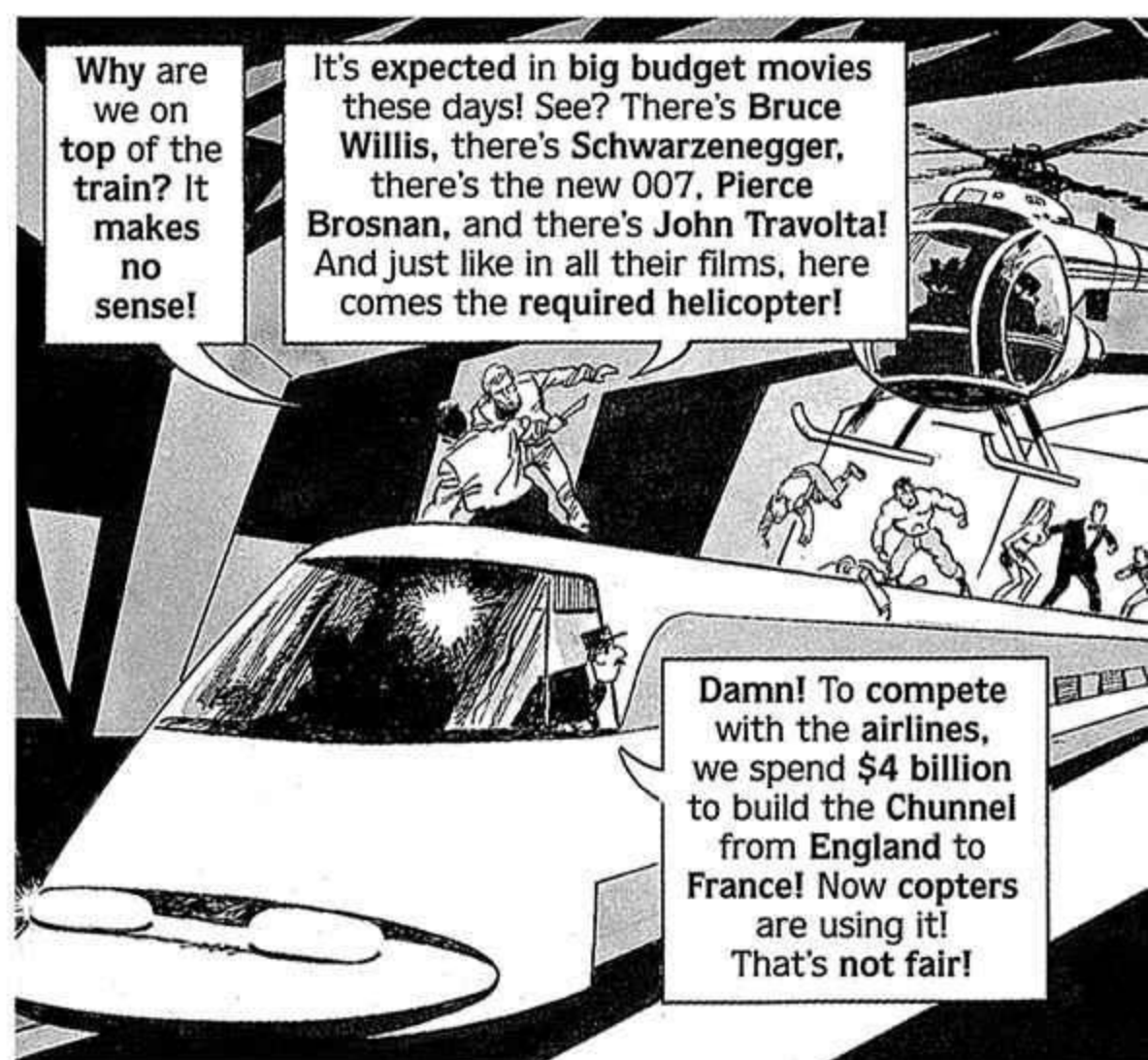
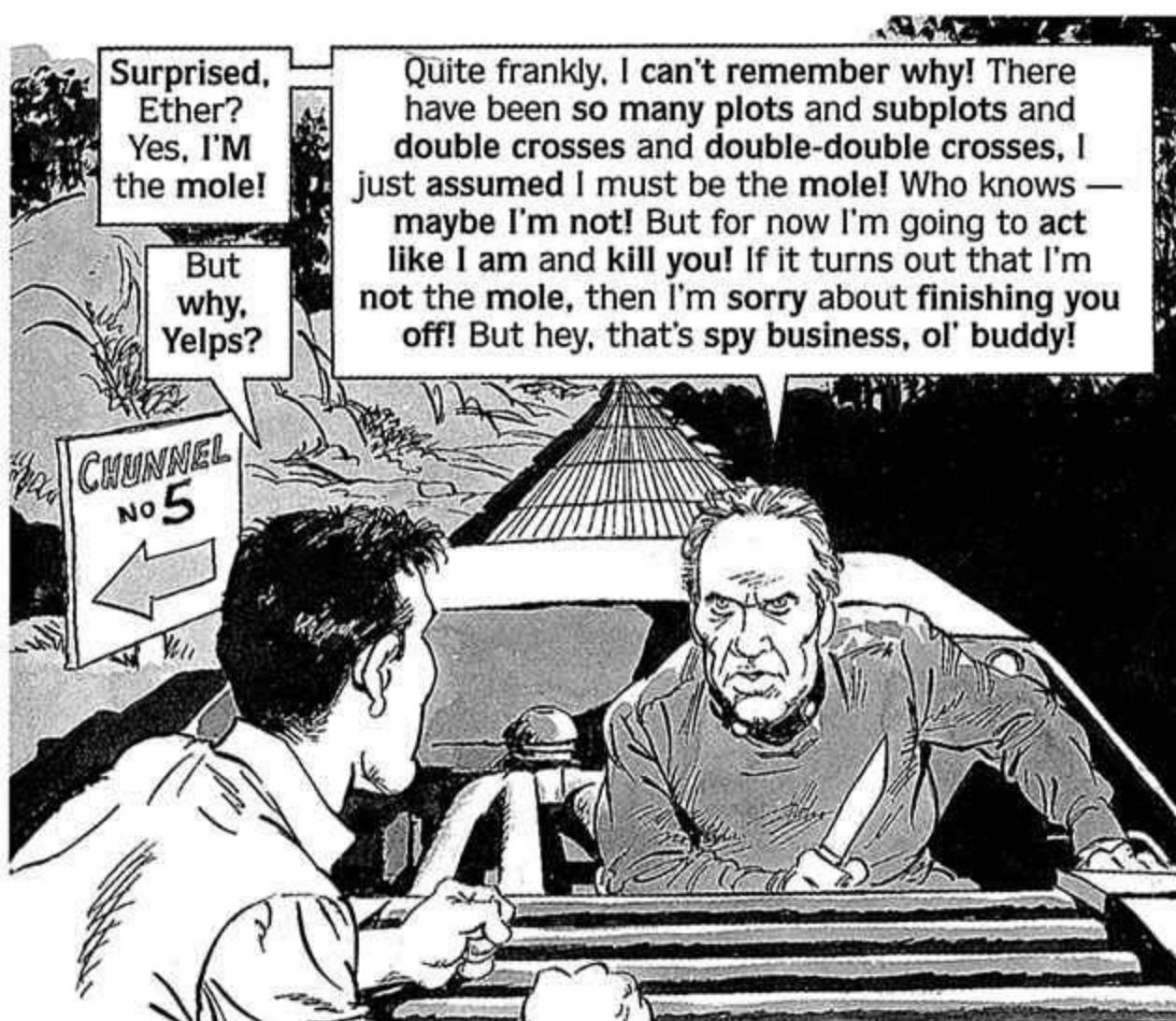
I'm Lax!  
For the  
CROC  
disc I'm  
offering six  
million  
dollars!  
Are you the  
man I need?

No, I'm not the  
Six Million  
Dollar Man!  
That's a  
different old TV  
show yet to be  
turned into a  
movie! But  
I am your man!

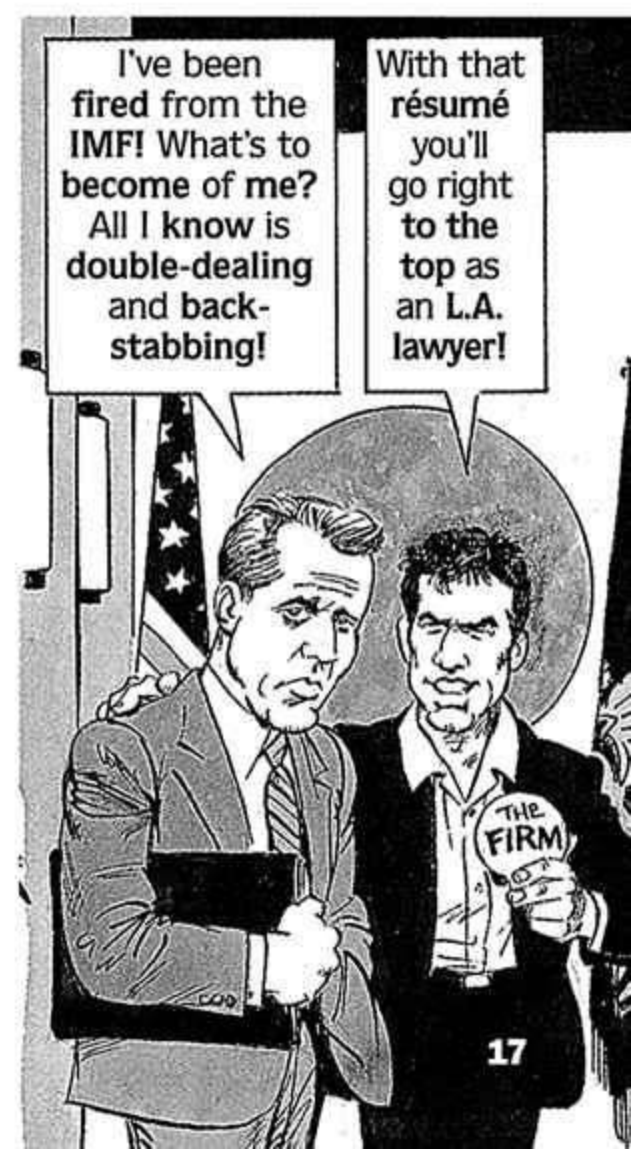
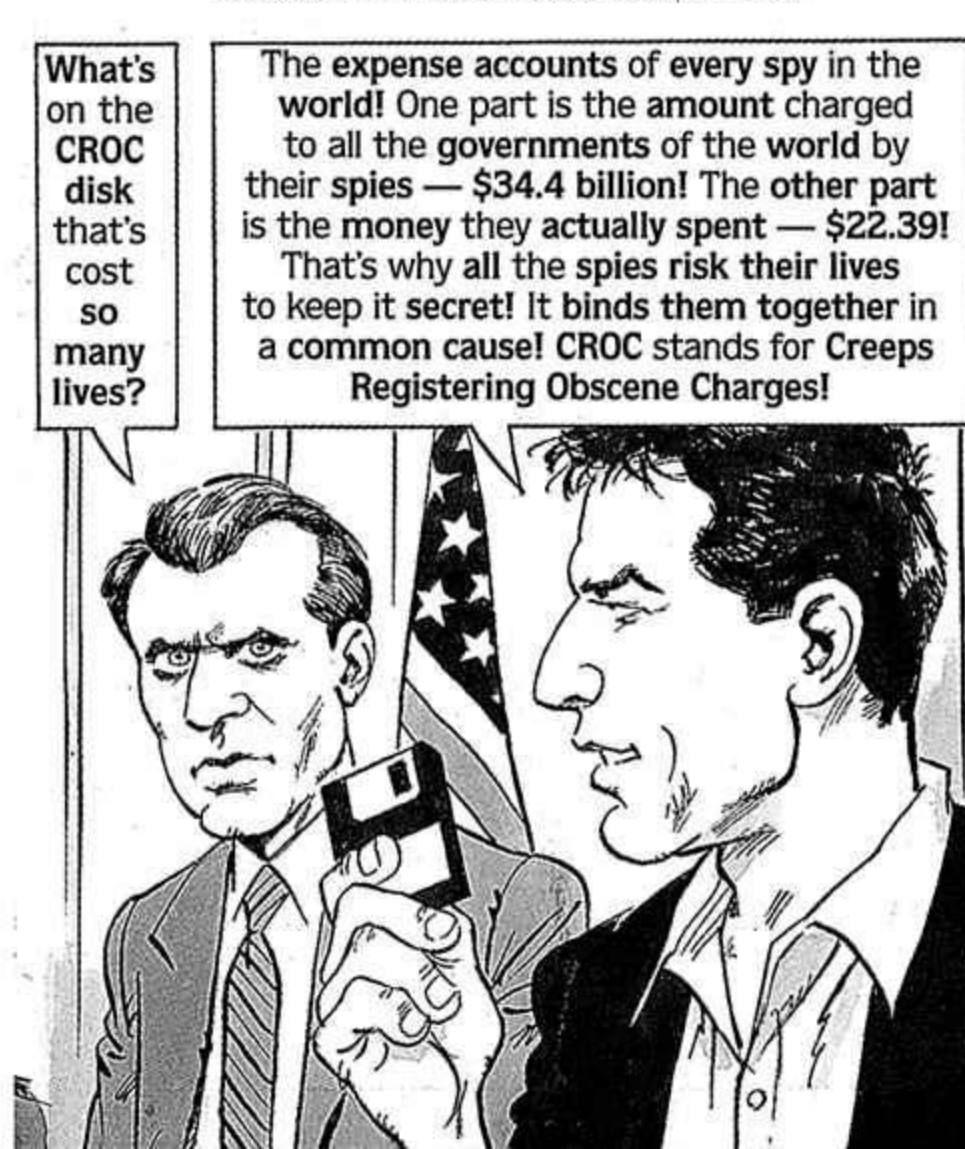
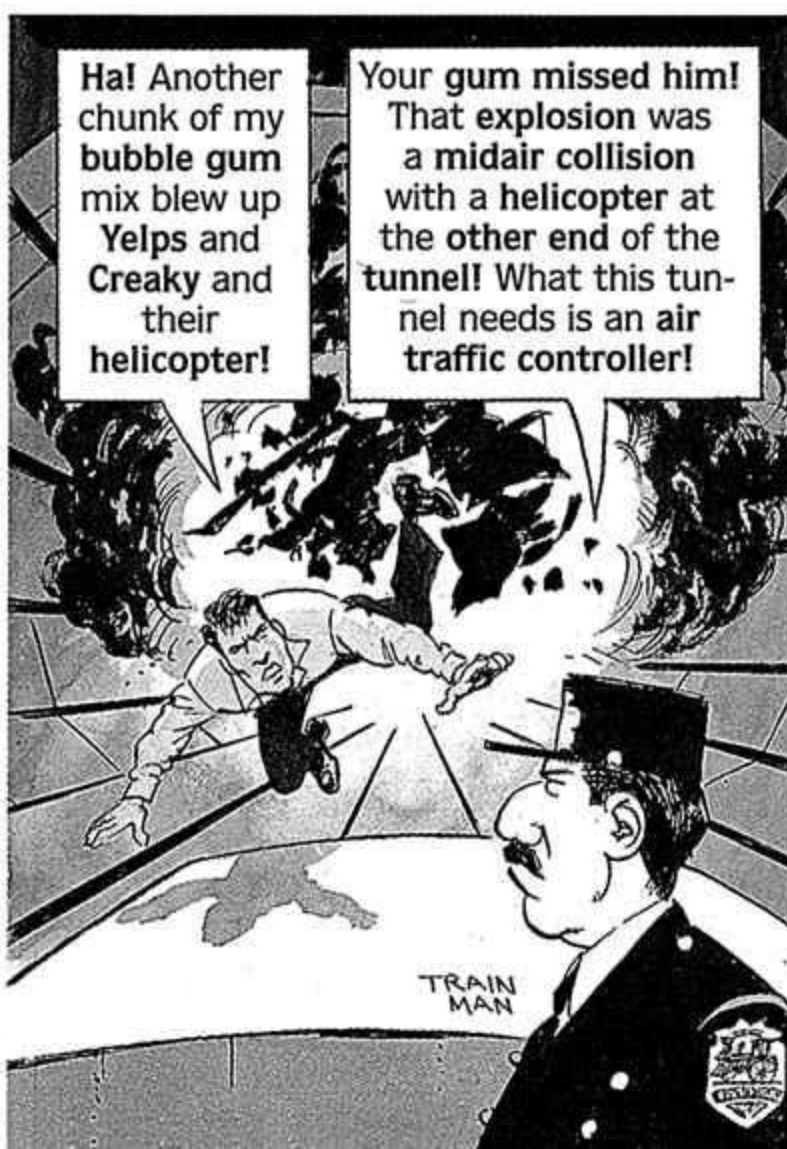




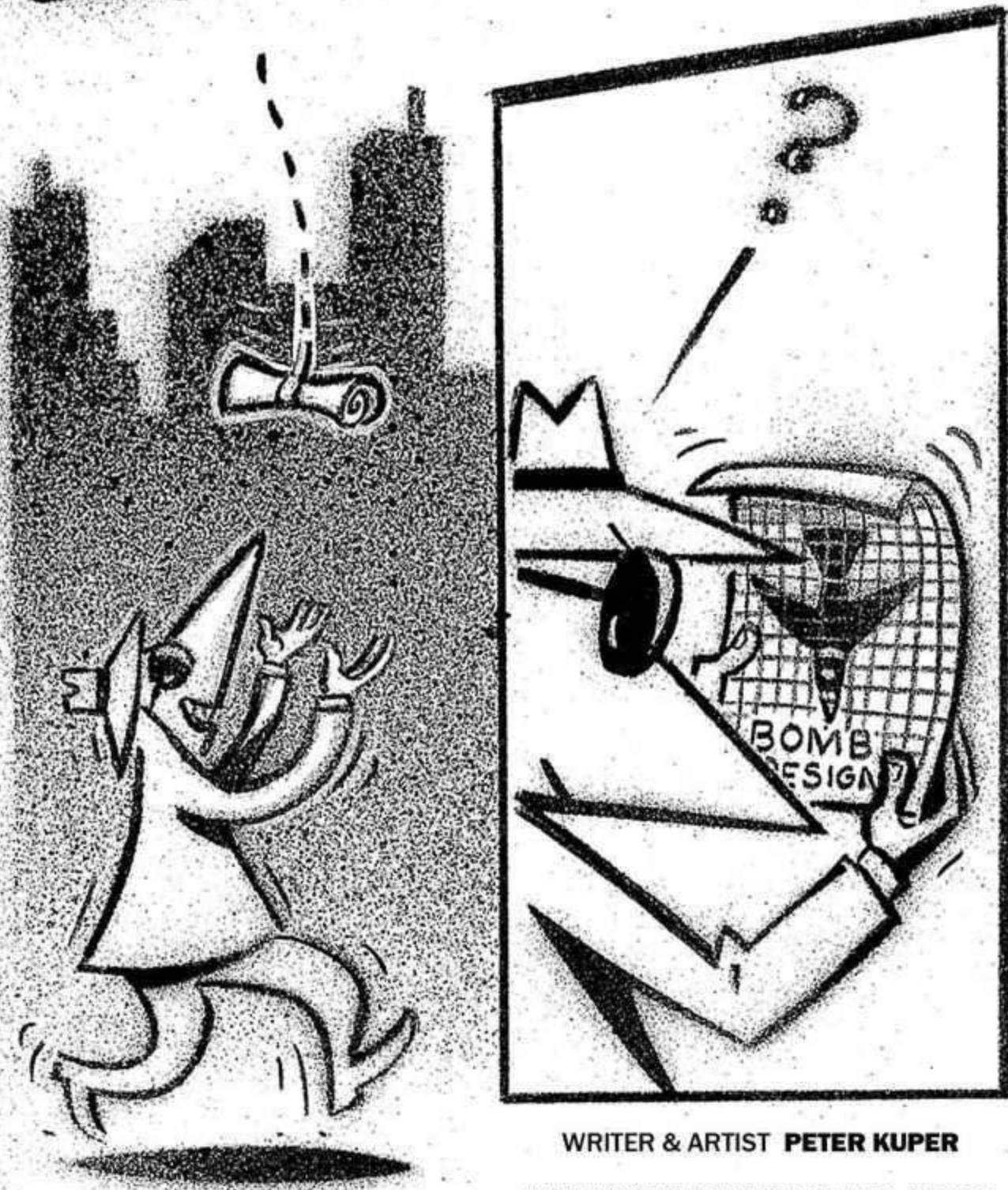
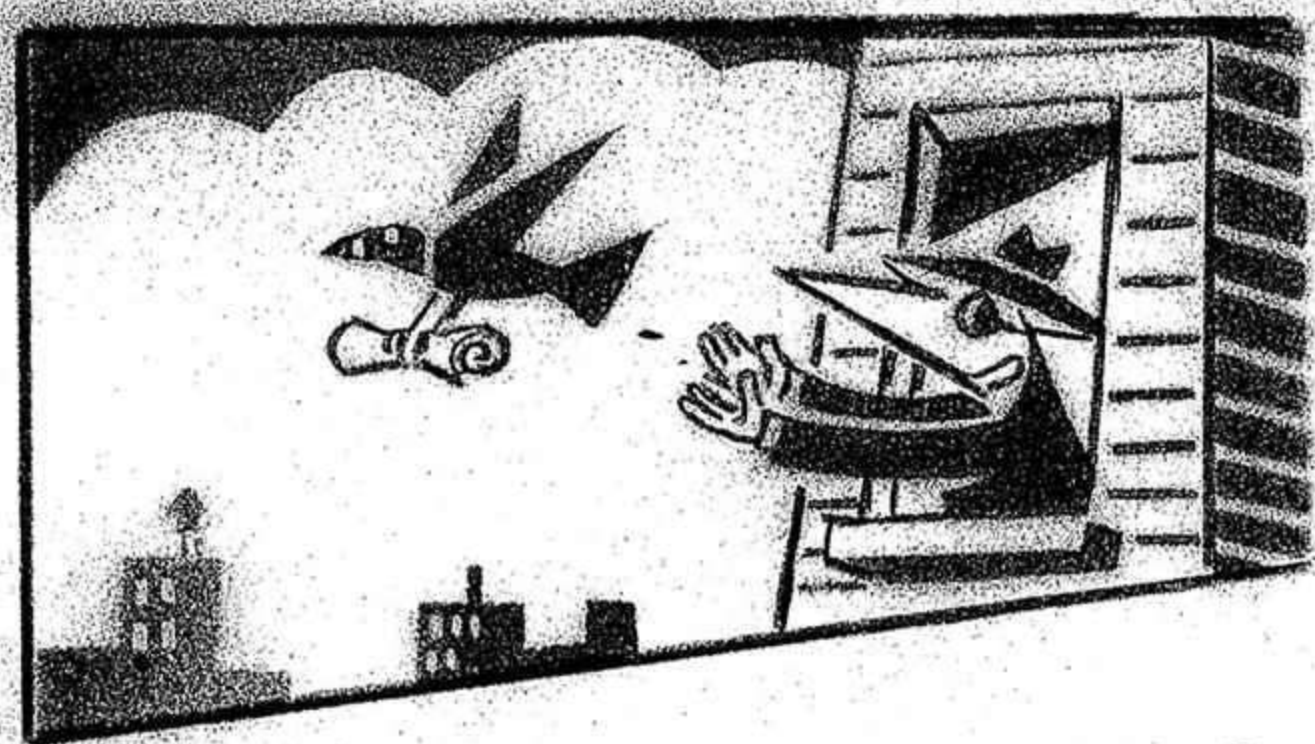




ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #347, JUL 1996





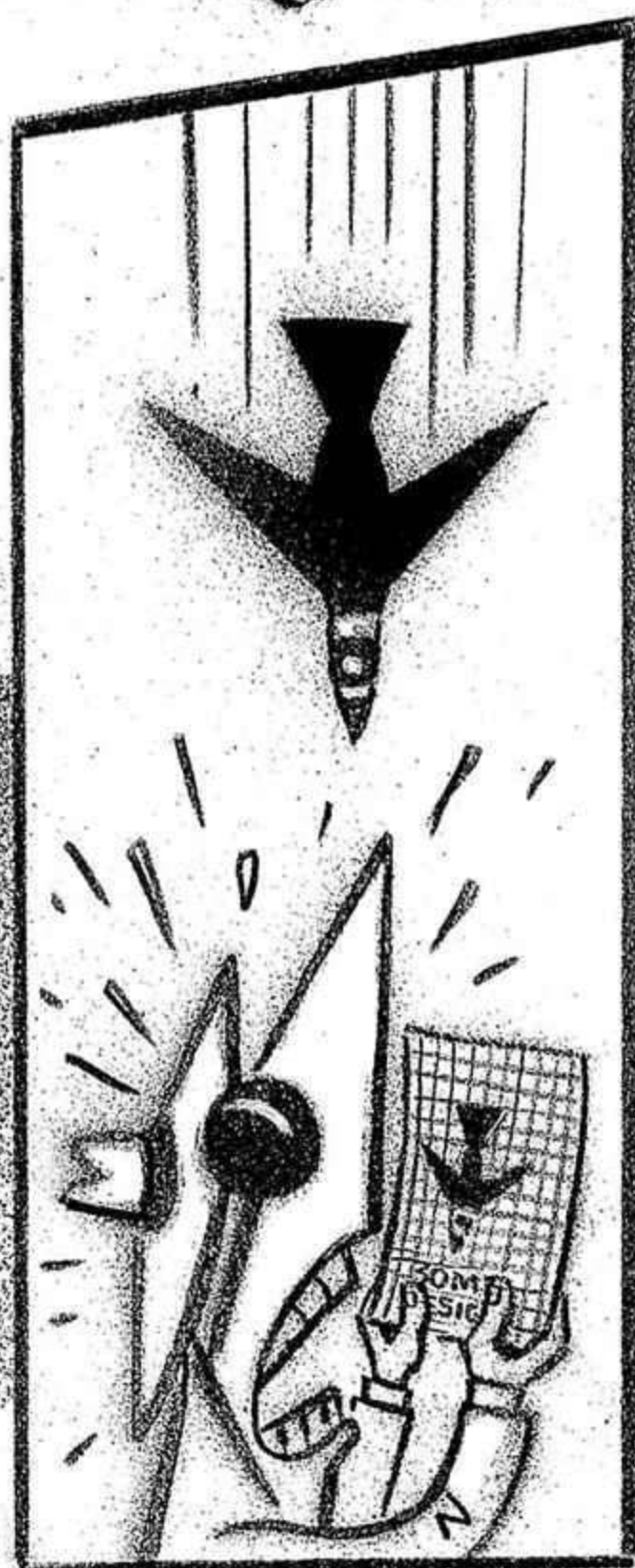
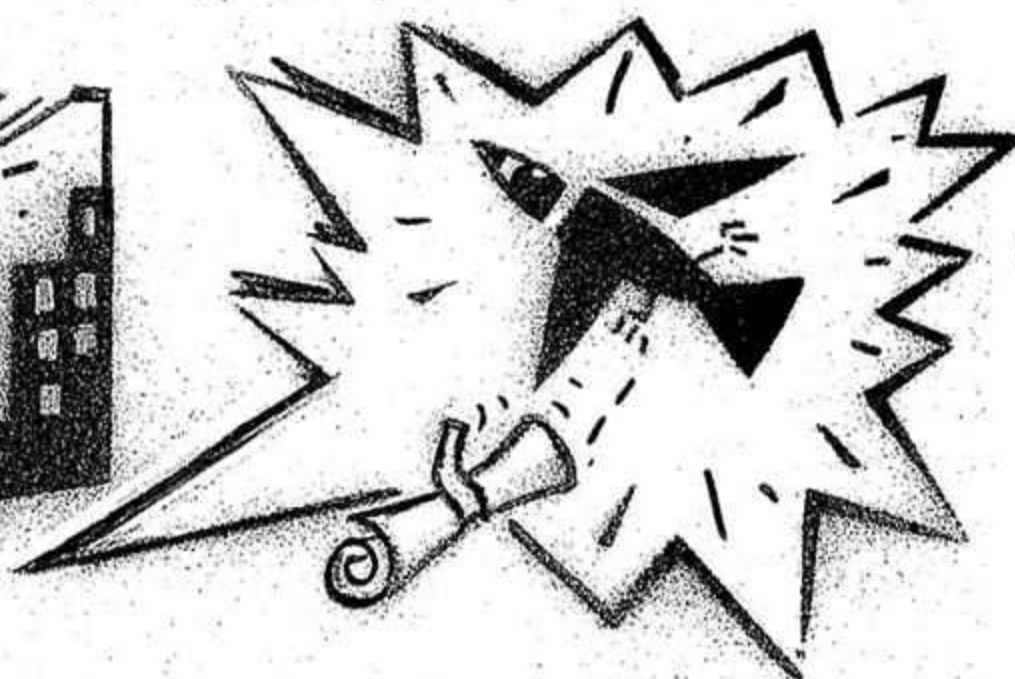
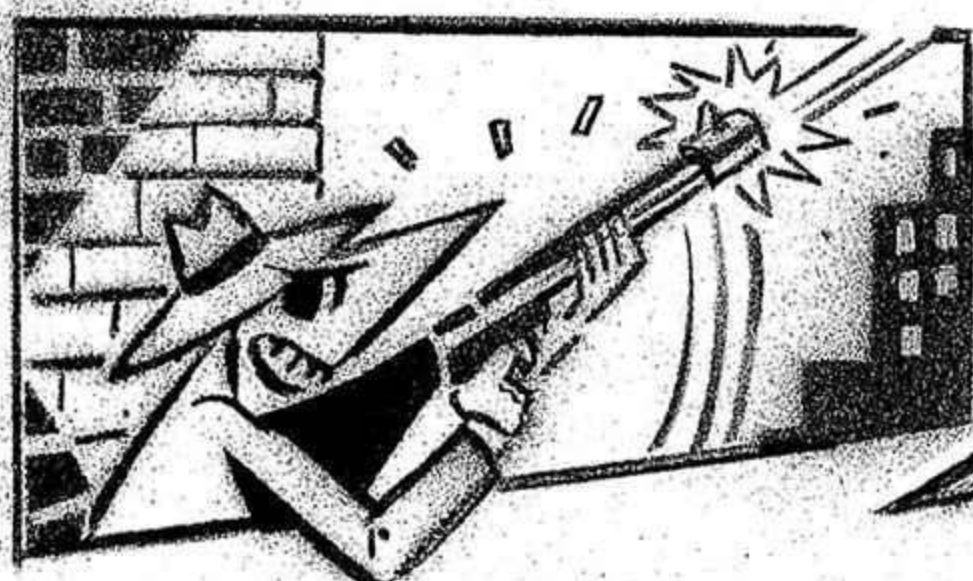
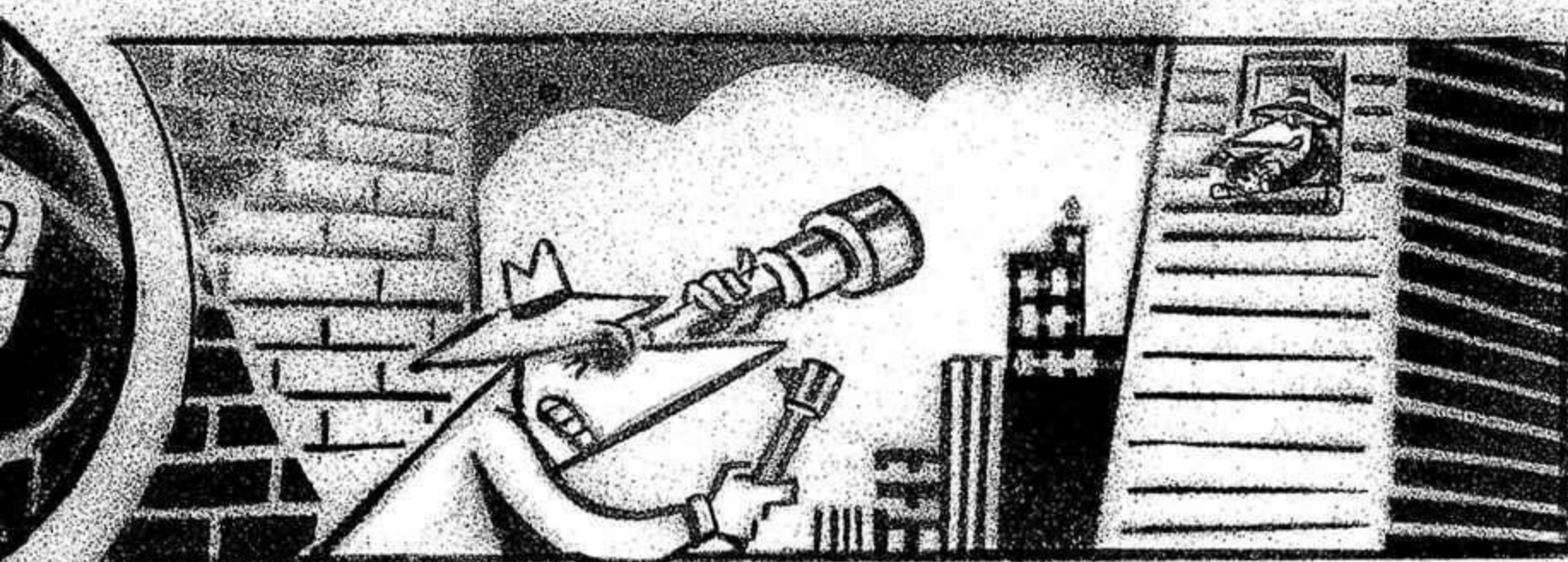


WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #359, JUL 1997



S  
P



BOOM!

KUPER





Every Sunday, Showtime airs an exciting CIA thriller that we can't get enough of! Action! Adventure! Explosions! Well, sometimes. 'Cause for every exciting minute, there are twice as many weepy domestic stories with melodrama that would make a soap opera writer blush. That's when our favorite show becomes...

# HOLLY

I'm Marine Sergeant Ridiculous Broody! After getting shot down in the Middle East I was held captive by Al Qaeda for eight years where I was surrounded by unyielding, dogmatic psychos! Now I'm a member of the U.S. House of Representatives! I guess some things never change!

I have mixed feelings about losing eight years of my life! On the one hand, I missed watching my kids grow up and my wife slept with my best friend. On the other hand, I missed out on most of *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*! Overall, I'd say I was the lucky one!

I'm Scarrie Mathison. I'm the only one in the entire CIA who believes that Sgt. Broody is now a terrorist! I'm also a paranoid, bipolar, pill-popping boozier! I don't understand WHY I can't get anyone to believe me!

Even though I want to prove Broody is a vicious terrorist and destroy him, I'm also falling in love and want to run away with him! I'm not just bipolar — apparently, I'm SCHIZOPHRENIC, too!



I'm Aboob Brassiere, the terrorist mastermind determined to bring your country to its knees! I'm evil incarnate! I've brainwashed a Manchurian Candidate congressman and murdered several U.S. officials. And my most heinous act of all? I'm the guy who taught Donald Trump how to use Twitter!

Yes, Broody came to us as an enemy, but I took him in and comforted him! Now he's like a son to me! And him killing the vice president would be the ultimate Father's Day gift! After all, how many ties does a terrorist need?!

I'm Mess! In his eight years in captivity my husband Broody was beaten, tortured and brainwashed by terrorists! Meanwhile, I was a single mother back at home in the suburbs, trying to raise a son who just plays video games all day and a smart-ass teenage daughter who has precisely two emotions: sulky and EXTRA-sulky! My point? Broody's right! He was the lucky one!



# HUM LAND

WRITER DAVID SHAYNE

ARTIST TOM RICHMOND

I'm Slaw Berenson!  
I'm not only the CIA's  
go-to man on Middle  
Eastern terrorists, I'm  
also a master of trade-  
craft! Especially disguise!  
See this beard? I'm  
undercover as late-  
career Robin Williams!

I'm also  
Scarrie's mentor!  
She disappoints me  
time after time, yet  
I never lose faith in  
her and come back  
for more! I'm the  
CIA equivalent of a  
New York Jets fan!

I'm CIA Director David Testes! I'm a  
lifelong bureaucrat who's singularly  
focused on advancing my career  
no matter what! I'll kiss butt,  
hog credit and try to convince the  
unknowing public that my shoddy  
work is actually high-quality! If the  
CIA doesn't work out I can always  
get a job in Hollywood!

I'm Squint! Scarrie and Slaw think I'm  
working with them as a CIA interrogator  
at the safehouse, but they don't  
know my dark secrets: 1) I'm actually  
a cold-blooded black-ops assassin,  
2) I'm working behind their backs with  
Director Testes and 3) I ate the LAST  
DANISH from the safehouse break  
room! Told you I was cold-blooded!



I'm Muck! When my best friend  
Broody was shot down, I swore  
that I'd take care of everything!  
I take care of watching the kids!  
I take care of the chores around  
the house! And I take care of  
his wife — four or five times a  
night, if you get my meaning!

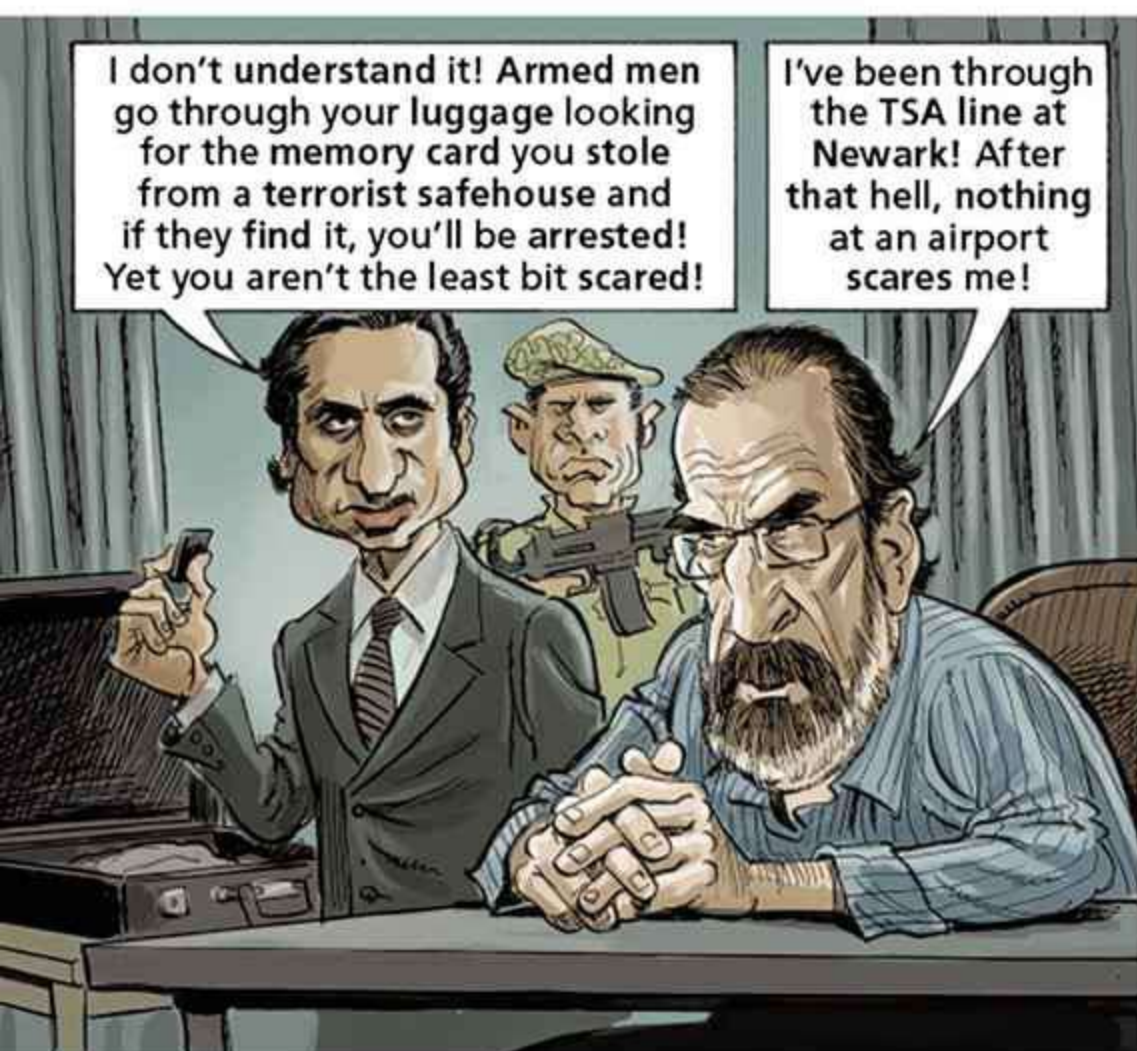
After Broody got  
home, Mess and I  
knew we shouldn't  
sleep together  
anymore! Don't get  
me wrong, we still  
do! We just know  
we shouldn't!

Former CIA Director General David  
Petraeus here! I hate this show!  
How dare they depict a CIA agent  
ruining their career after getting  
caught having an illicit affair...

...without paying me  
for my life story!

Former VP Dick Cheney here! People  
have criticized the second season  
of this show for not being realistic!  
I agree! They have a morally corrupt  
vice president with a bad heart who  
commits war crimes! Okay, *that* part  
is realistic! But him not getting away  
with it? I REFUSE to buy that!







Despite my kicking a known terrorist in the nuts in Beirut, they won't let me back in the agency, and STILL no one believes me about Broody! Well, only one thing to do — swallow a bunch of pills and booze! Or, as Lindsay Lohan calls it: breakfast!



My name is Sgt. Ridiculous Broody! By now you've heard many things about me! And you may have a few questions: how did I do this? WHY did I do this? And how does a guy who looks like Ronald McDonald's stepbrother have such a smoking hot wife?!

Slaw! I was right! Broody IS a terrorist! I was RIGHT! Isn't that great?

It is...although it also means you endured a humiliating, career-ending nervous breakdown and institutionalization all for NOTHING!

Jeez, Slaw, your CIA codename should be "Buzzkill"!



Scarrie, did you come up to my hotel room to have sex with me?

Funny you should mention sex, 'cause you're totally SCREWED!

Sgt. Ridiculous Broody, you're a traitor to your country! Bag him and take him away for a brutal interrogation, boys!

Please let this be role play... please let this be role play... please let this be role play...



Broody wouldn't tell us Aboob Brassiere's next plan, so I took a stab at it... literally!

Now get in there and interrogate Broody!

Wait, are we doing good cop/bad cop?

No, insane cop/insane-er cop!



When's the last time you told the truth? Telling the truth can feel so good! I'll go first: I want you to leave your wife and kids for me!

Now my turn to tell the truth: YOU'RE FRIGGIN' NUTS!

Broody, if you don't help the CIA bring down Aboob Brassiere we'll tell the world your dark secret! I know what you do in your garage!

NO! You mustn't tell anyone about that! I'm a U.S. Congressman! Nobody can know that I like to wrap myself in a Snuggie, listen to Taylor Swift and have a good cry!

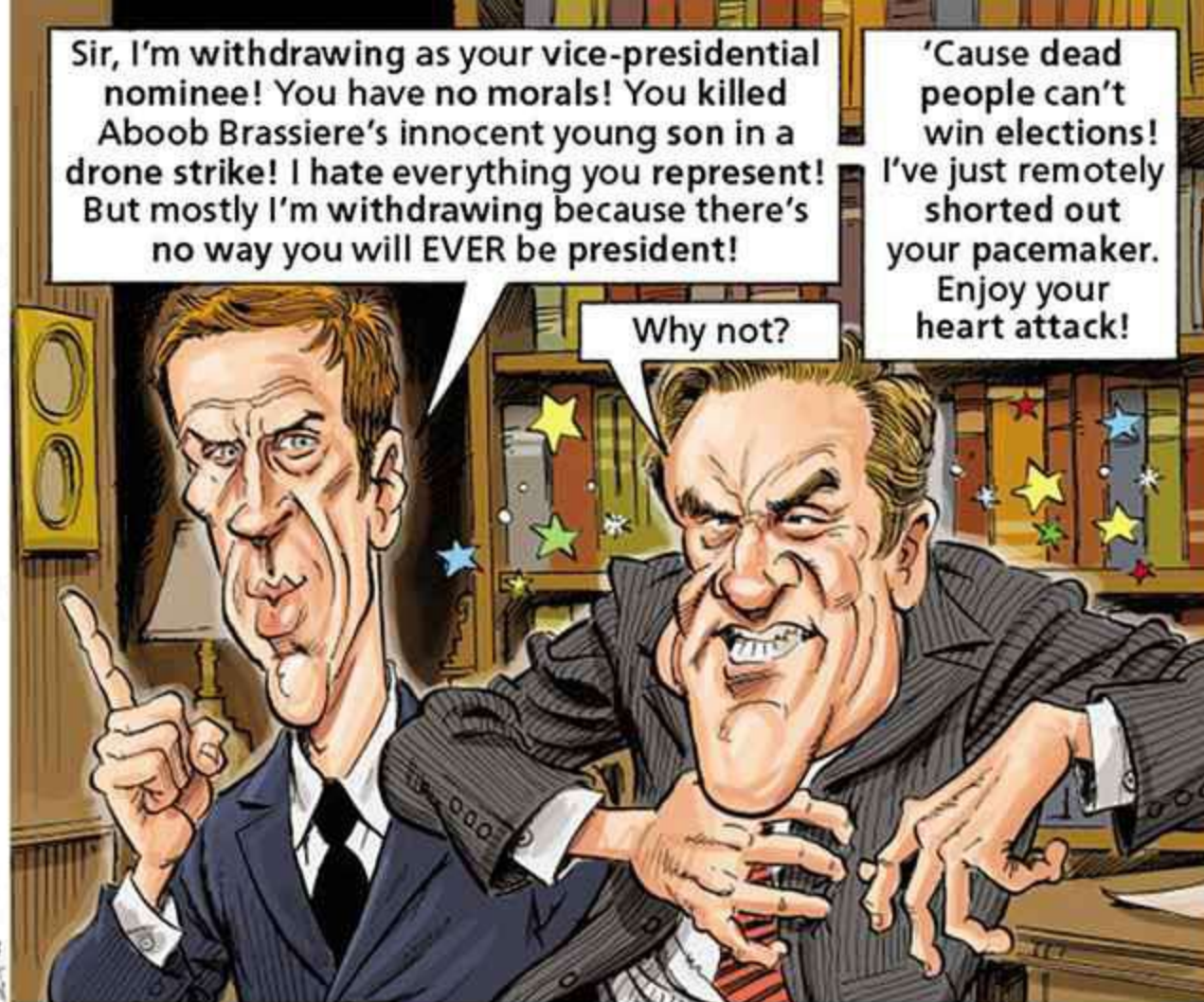
Um, I was talking about praying to Allah and helping Al Qaeda, but that works, too!







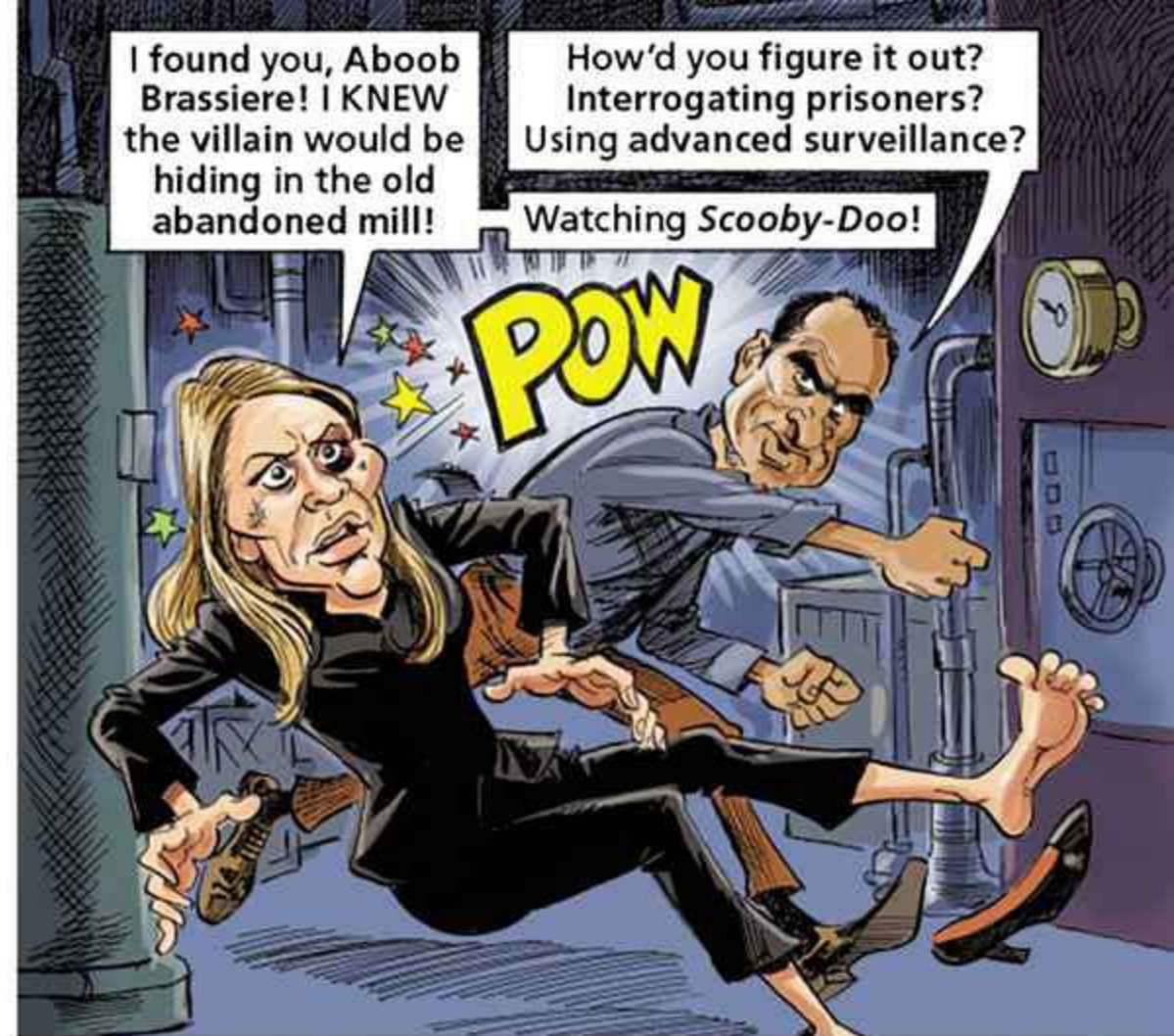




Sir, I'm withdrawing as your vice-presidential nominee! You have no morals! You killed Aboob Brassiere's innocent young son in a drone strike! I hate everything you represent! But mostly I'm withdrawing because there's no way you will EVER be president!

Why not?

'Cause dead people can't win elections! I've just remotely shorted out your pacemaker. Enjoy your heart attack!



I found you, Aboob Brassiere! I KNEW the villain would be hiding in the old abandoned mill!

How'd you figure it out? Interrogating prisoners? Using advanced surveillance? Watching Scooby-Doo!

**POW**



I can't believe we're giving a scumbag like Aboob Brassiere a respectful burial at sea!

We're not burying him at sea! We're dumping him on a stranded Carnival cruise ship! The smell of his decaying corpse oughta fit in nicely with the odor of backed-up toilets and rotting food!



Vice-President Wal-Mart did not die in vain! He showed that national security is important! That we will stop at nothing to end terrorism! That any character on this show can get killed off without warn—



—ing!

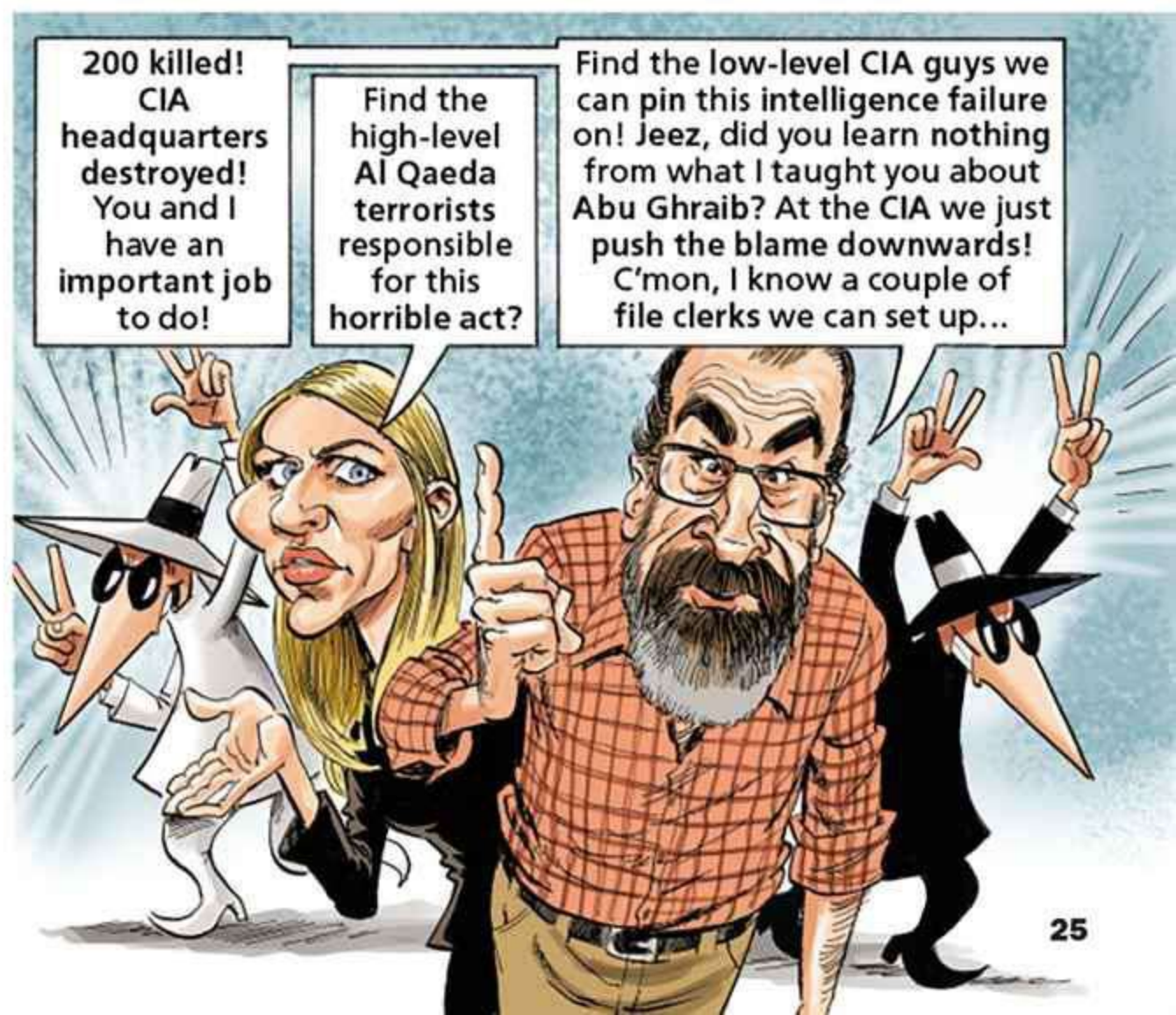
**KA-BOOM!**



Now you're accused of blowing up CIA headquarters! But don't worry, I have a plan! You'll just live in Canada until I can clear your name!

Have you gone off your meds?! I'm a famous war hero and sitting congressman! They're showing my confession video on TV around the world 24/7! There's nowhere I can go where I won't be recognized!

I didn't say it was a GOOD plan!



200 killed! CIA headquarters destroyed! You and I have an important job to do!

Find the high-level Al Qaeda terrorists responsible for this horrible act?

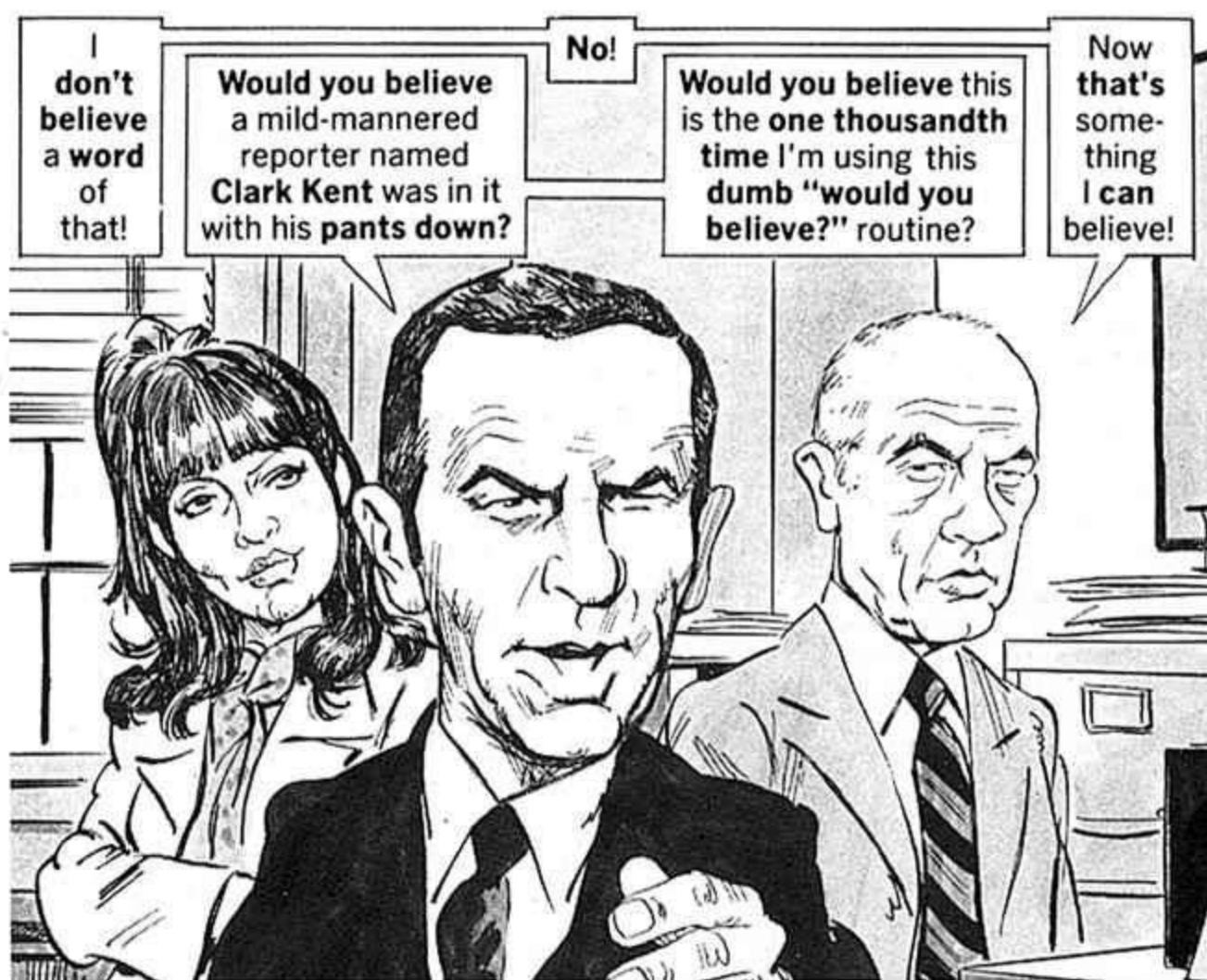
Find the low-level CIA guys we can pin this intelligence failure on! Jeez, did you learn nothing from what I taught you about Abu Ghraib? At the CIA we just push the blame downwards! C'mon, I know a couple of file clerks we can set up...



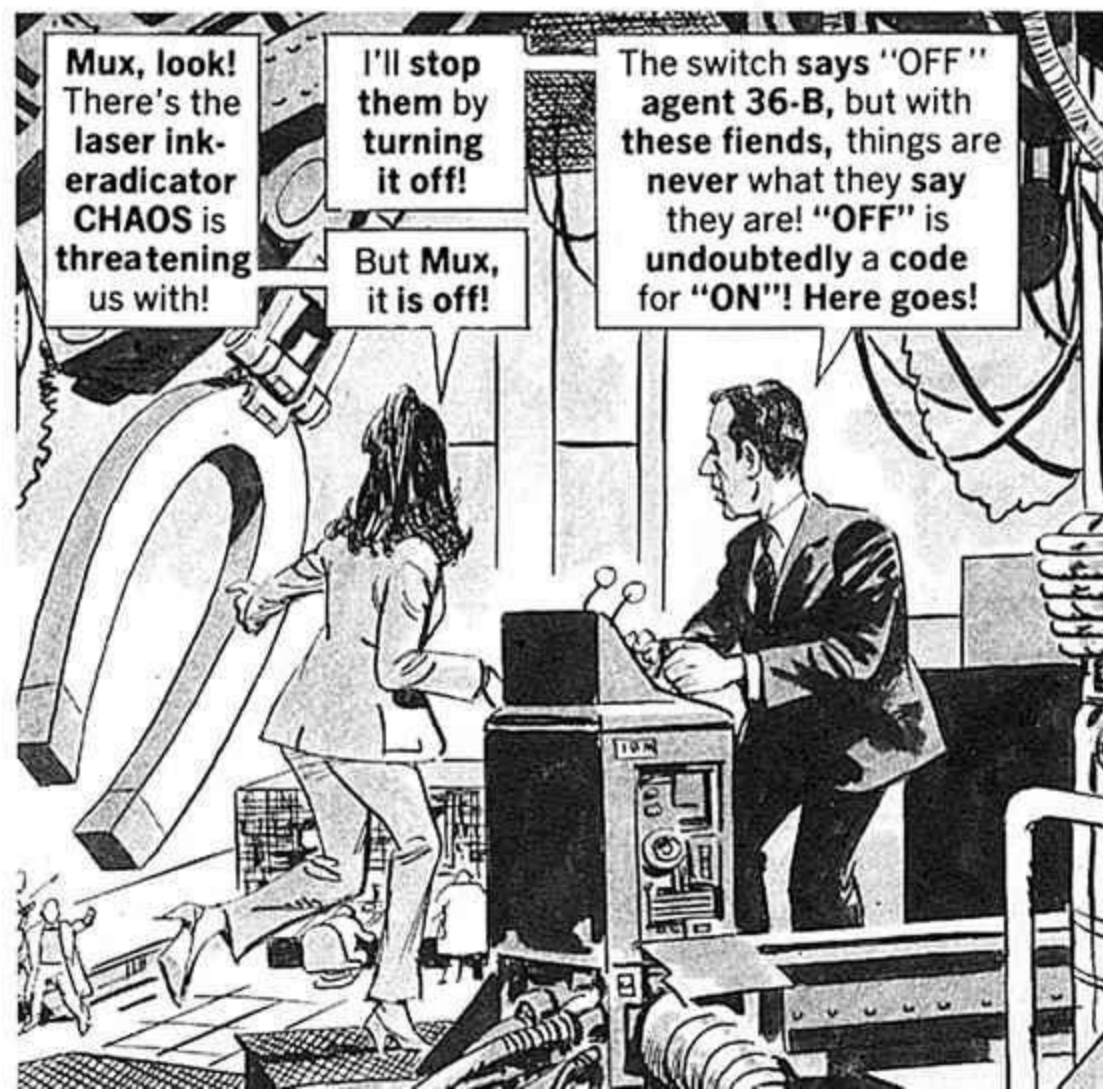


Try as you may, when it comes to the great spies of the past, it's an impossible mission to...

# FORGET SMART



WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO





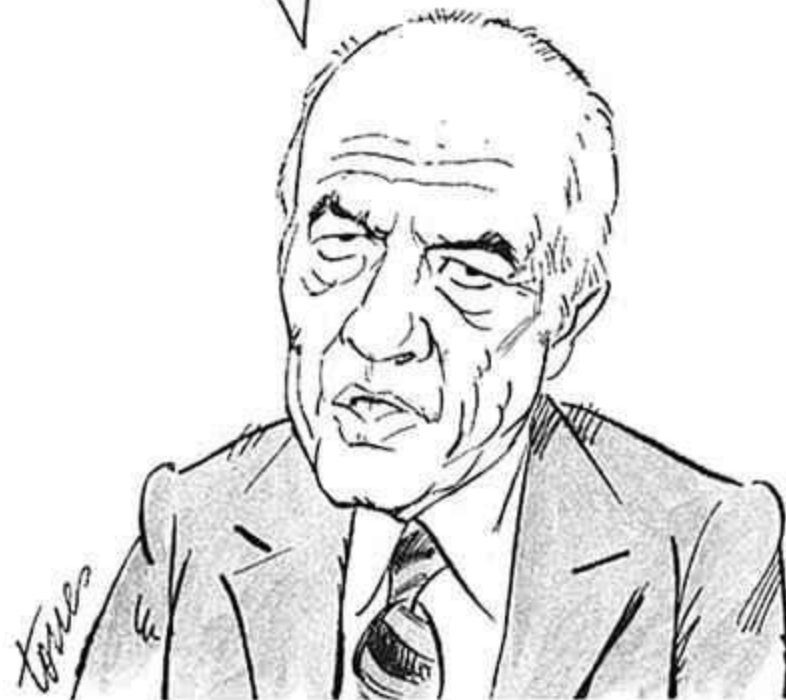
I'm Muxwall Smart, Agent 98.6, but don't let my number fool you—I'm definitely not normal! I used to be agent 86, but with the way inflation has been these last few years... Well anyway, 98.6 is still just a pseudonym for my real number which is so secret it's unlisted!



I'm Agent 36-B! Mux thinks of me as his right-hand man! Now if I can only get him to think of me as his right-hand woman, we could all have a little more fun!



I'm the Chief here at the fake government agency we call KONTROL! Here we waste incredible amounts of time and money, so on that score, we're just like a real government agency!



Mux, any minute now CHAOS is going to interrupt local TV programming to broadcast a message to us!

Gee, how do you know that, Chief?

It's listed right here in TV Guide—11 AM: CHAOS interrupts local broadcasting to deliver message to KONTROL!



Attention KONTROL! CHAOS has developed the largest laser-powered ink eradicator in the world! We demand six billion dollars by 11 PM or we will aim it at IRS headquarters and erase America's tax records!

The old laser-powered ink eradicator to erase America's tax records trick! I'd like to see them try, Chief! In fact, I'd like to see them succeed! I think I'm about to be audited for my last tax return!



Find them, Mux! We can't let America's tax records be destroyed!

How about just mine?

Mux!!

Okay, mine and yours, Chief!



ARTIST ANGELO TORRES

Mux, I think that "OFF" did mean "OFF!"

What kind of diabolical mind would think of such a thing!?

What did you do to get the cops here so fast?

When I turned it on I must have aimed the magnet at police headquarters! Cops wear so much metal, I pulled them in by their guns, badges and dental work!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #272, JUL 1987

Mux, your blundering has saved the day!

Chief! What are you doing here?

I just got a call from Pres. Johnson. He's so tied up with Vietnam that he needs someone to look after some other countries for him. He's promoting you to CIA Co-Director!

Great, Chief! Just give me 20 years and by 1987 you'll be proud of what I've done! What countries will I be in charge of spy operations for?

Iran, Nicaragua and Libya!







WRITER & ARTIST TOM BUNK

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD PRESENTS SPY VS SPY JAN 2011





AND THE BOND PLAYS ON DEPT.

ALTHOUGH THE STARS KEEP CHANGING, "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES GO ON FOREVER! AND SO, MAD TURNS ITS

# 8 "JAMES BOMB"

YES, NOSTALGIA FANS! REMEMBER YEARS AGO, WHEN THE "JAMES BOMB" MANIA FIRST SWEEPED THE COUNTRY AND EVERYBODY WAS RUNNING TO SEE

## "DR. NO-NO"



James Bomb! Call for James Bomb! Message for James Bomb!

I'll take it, Son!

Is that THE James Bomb?

Yes... the famous Secret Agent with the incredible knowledge of women, food, and especially wine! I understand that he can not only tell you the vineyard and year—but also the name of the gal who stomped the grapes!

Waiter, I'd like a Chateau Novka Pop 1951, stomped on by Harriet La Clutz!

I'm very sorry, Sir! We're all out of wine!

Then I'll have a dry Martini... 6 parts gin, 1 part vermouth, 1 dash of bitters... shaken gently with ice, NOT stirred... and strained into a large cocktail glass with a green olive!

I'm terribly sorry, Sir... but we're out of ALL alcoholic beverages!

Hmmm! Then give me a Fresca in a non-returnable bottle... chilled well... with no ice... and two straws!

I don't believe it! James Bomb... drinking FRESCA?!!?

You forgot! These first James Bomb movies were made on very low budgets!

What a man! He's ruthless... yet suave!

They say he has a "License to Kill"!

He also has a "Learner's Permit to Make Out"!

I know! The English don't mind violence, but they're rather stuffy about SEX!

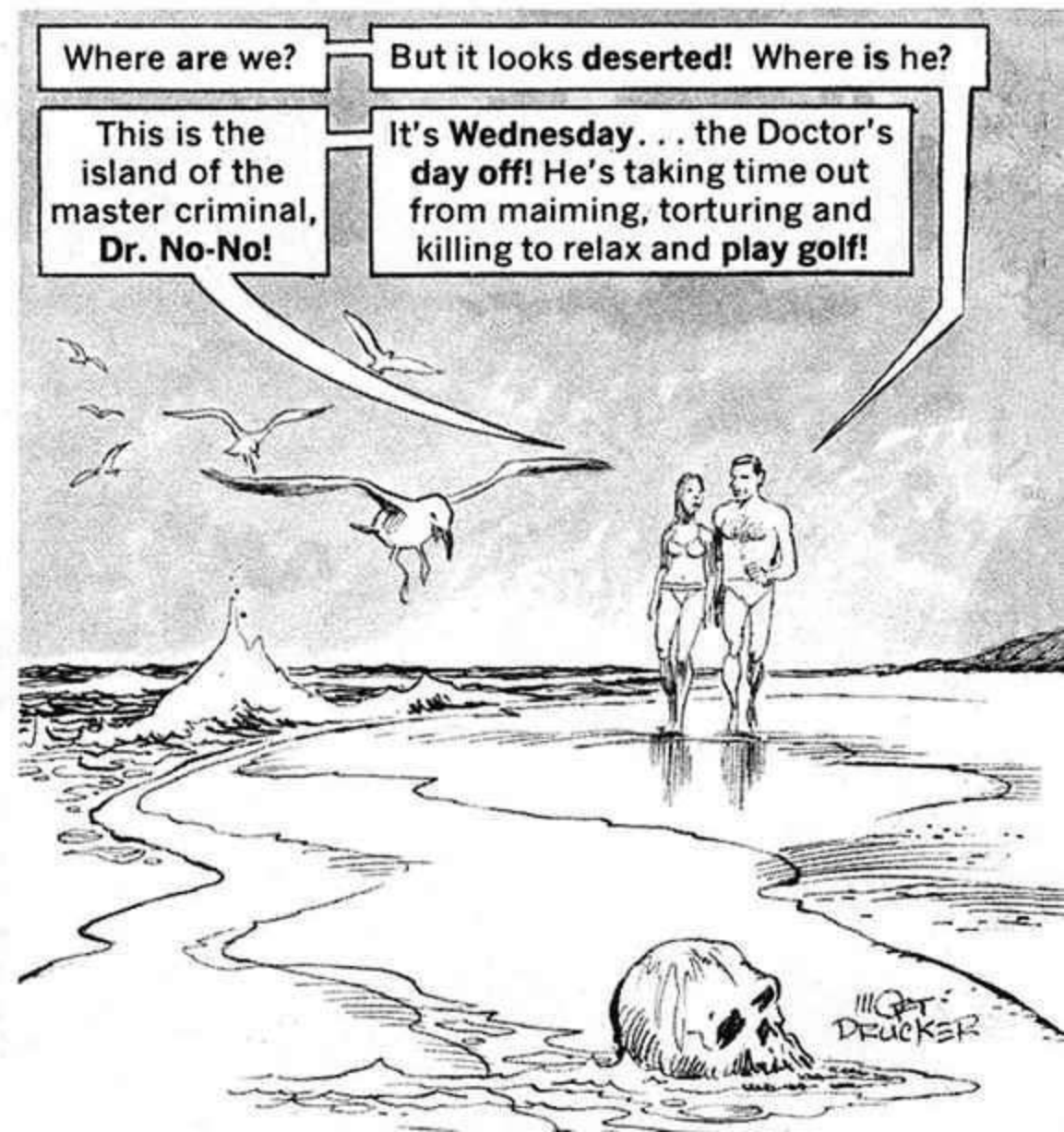
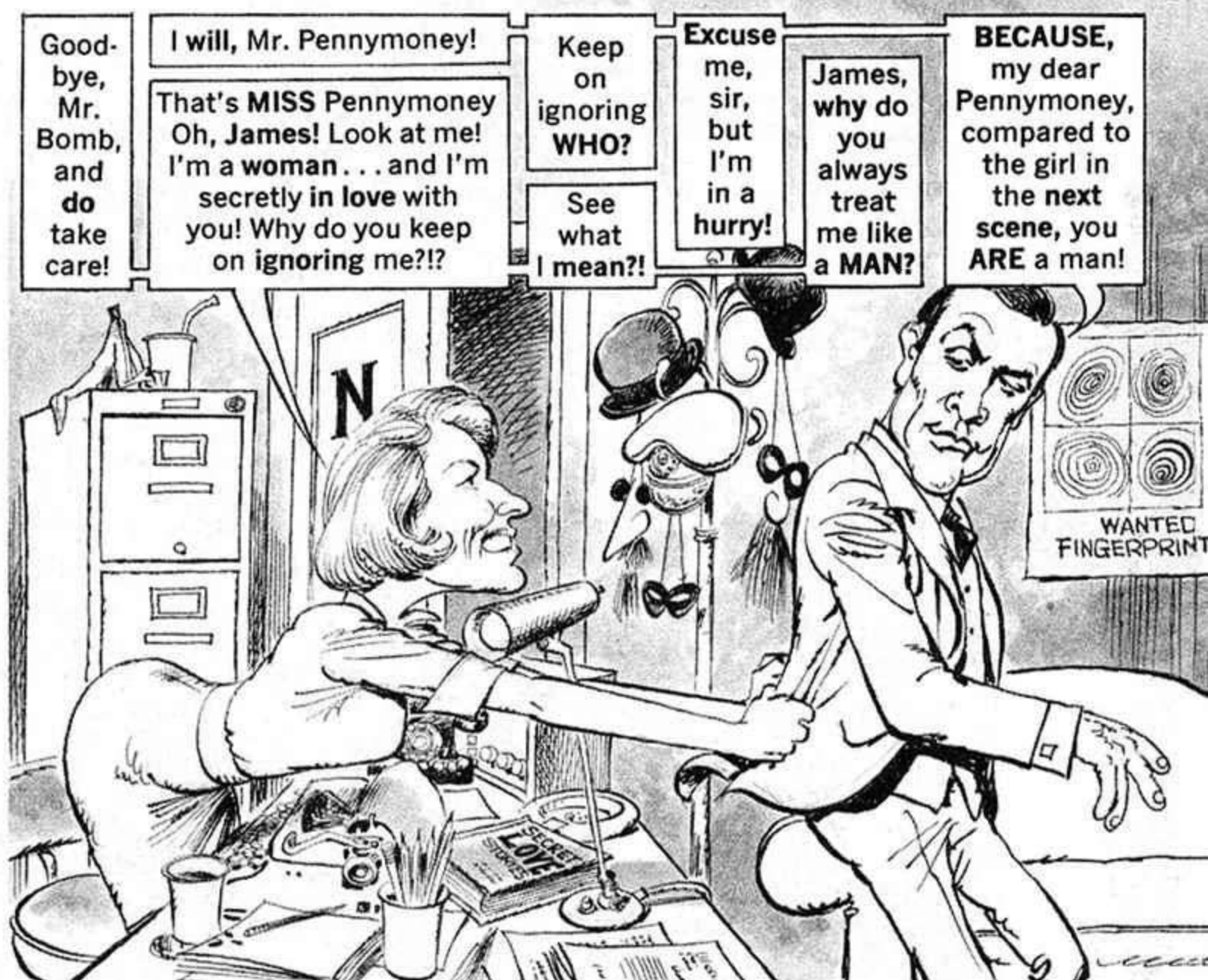
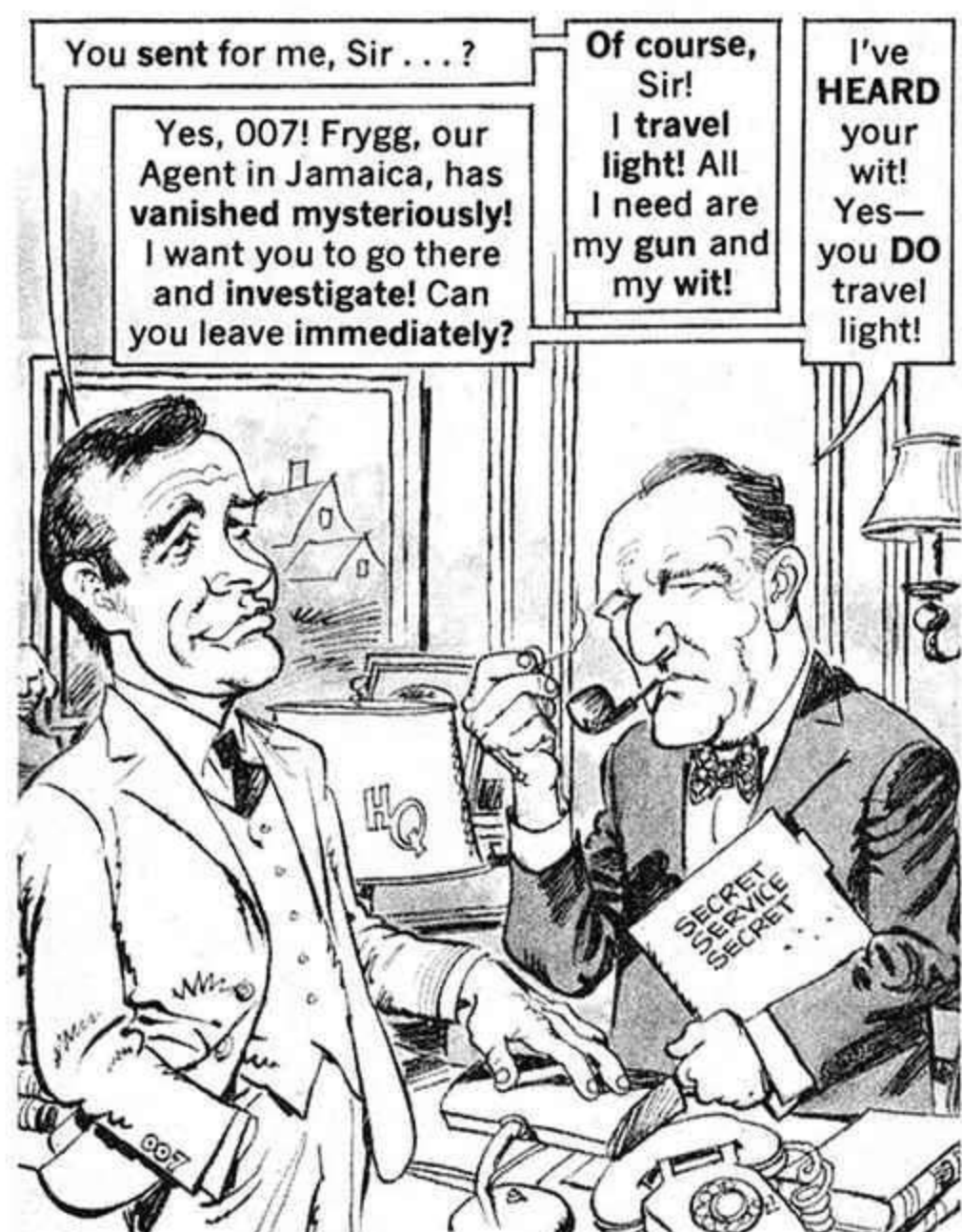


S SATIRICAL SPOTLIGHT ON THIS BOX OFFICE PHENOMENON, AND BRINGS ITS READERS UP TO DATE ON . . .

# "BOMB MOVIES

A MAD RETROSPECT...WITH NO RESPECT

WRITER ARNIE KOGEN ARTIST MORT DRUCKER





At last we meet! I am Dr. No-No!

I'm James Bomb . . . and after two nights on your island with me, this is now Miss Yes-Yes!

You like my little home? That fish tank cost me three million dollars!

Boy! You have some thriving practice! The "acupuncture" business must be booming!!

I am not a medical doctor, Bomb! I am a scientist! A MAD scientist, who plans to blow up North America! But before I do that, I have an ingenious scheme to torture you with my metal hand!

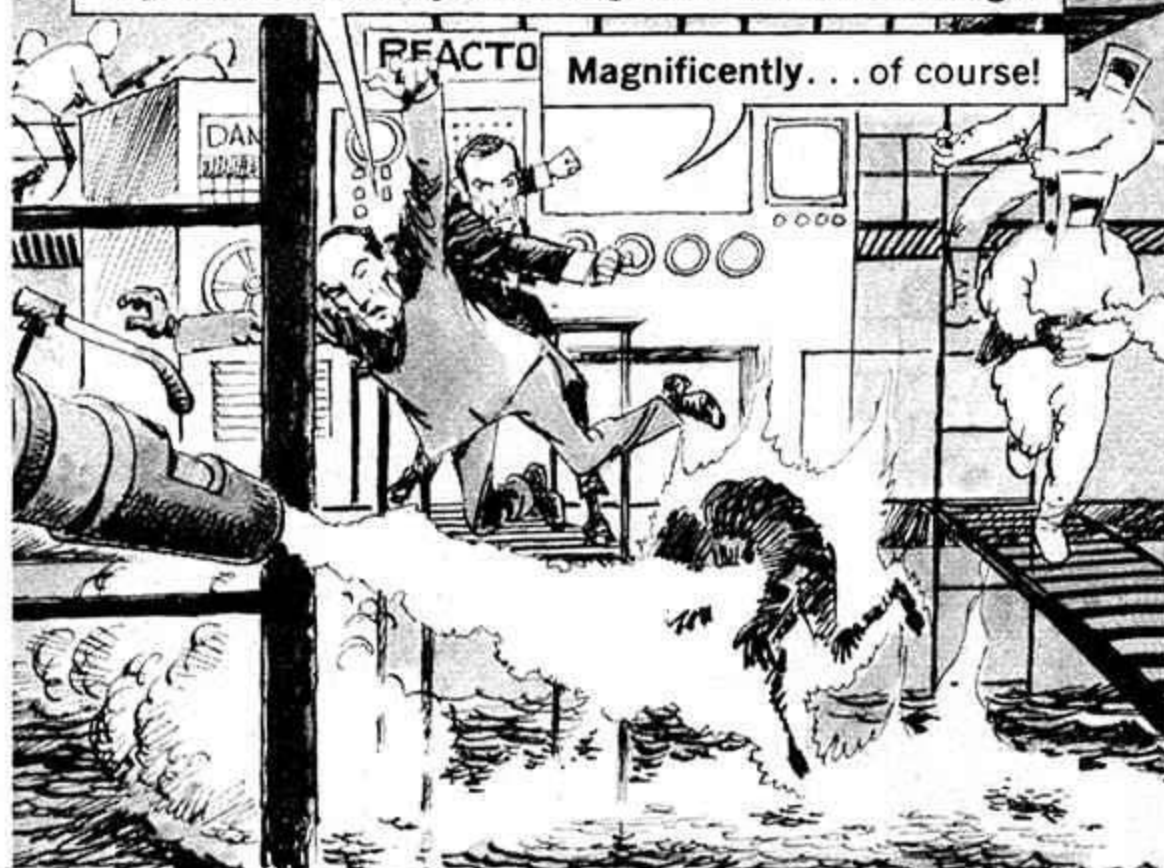
And what is that?

I am going to snip all your witty lines out of the script!

Tie them up!!

Amazing, Bomb! You not only escaped from a foolproof cell, crawled through a flooded ventilator shaft, ran through fire, throttled forty of my guards, slipped into a disguise undetected, blew up my laboratory and saved the free world, but you are now throwing me to my death! How do you manage to DO all these things?

Magnificently . . . of course!



## "FROM RUSSIA WITH LUNACY"

Please James . . . not here!

Okay . . . then let's row over to MY place in London!

We have no time! We must each go our separate ways! You must rush off to your next adventure . . .

And you?

I must rush off to oblivion!

'Bye, James! I'll look for you in—



In your first film, we introduced SEX! Now, in this next adventure, we grab the audience with ridiculous gadgets!

Please pay attention, 007! This ordinary looking attaché case contains a folding rifle, a concealed knife, a tear gas cannister, a grenade, and an atomic bomb for an emergency!

Call me a weirdo, Sir . . . but I STILL prefer sex to gadgets!



I am the vicious espionage agent, Rosa Klobb.

Welcome to Spectre Training Camp. And this is our most promising student.

**POW!!**

He'll do. Have him report to me in Istanbul.

Excellent choice! You are selecting a killer for James Bomb because Spectre has problems?

No, I just like to punch men in the stomach! You see, I ALSO have problems.



. . . and these will be your quarters here in Turkey, Mr. Bomb.

I have a feeling this room is bugged!

Nonsense! I checked it out.

Good! I'm hungry. Can I call room service?

Surely. Just speak into the lamp.

Hmm! By the way, what did you say was the name of this hotel . . . ?

The Istanbul Watergate!





Bomb, I'm going to strangle you with the wire device encased in my lethal wristwatch.

Not before I kill you with my exploding attaché case.

In that case, I'll just beat you to death with my fists!

FISTS?!? What are you . . . some kind of sickie??



You've destroyed all my underlings, Bomb! So now you force me to kill you myself with my poisoned spiked shoe.

It won't work! I'm wearing my arsenic-tipped golashes to counteract it!

You're too clever for me, Bomb!

For YOU, maybe! But get a load of the fat, shrewd villain in my next movie, called—



## "GOLDFINGERBOWL"

Mr. Goldfingerbowl, this is **James Bomb**. I'm afraid your sexy blonde spotter finds me irresistible, so you'll have to find another way to cheat at cards! She's taking the rest of the day off.

But before I go, here's your last tip. Play the queen and knock with seven.

You shouldn't have done that! Goldfingerbowl hates kibitzing . . . and he has a ferocious temper!

Don't be silly. I'm **James Bomb**! What could he possibly do to me!?



SEE...

To ME, nothing!

To YOU, plenty!!



Oddblob, tip your hat to Mr. Bomb.

This is my fanatic manservant, **Oddblob**.

**AMAZING!** He's the **Sandy Koufax** of the derbies!

That's nothing. When he really gets angry, you should see the terrible things he does with his **UNDERWEAR!**

I hate to do this, chum, but—'bye!

What **gadgets** on this **Aston Martin**! The smoke screen, the oil slick, the twin machine guns . . . and now **THIS**—the ejector seat! Too bad the heap only gets six miles to the gallon!

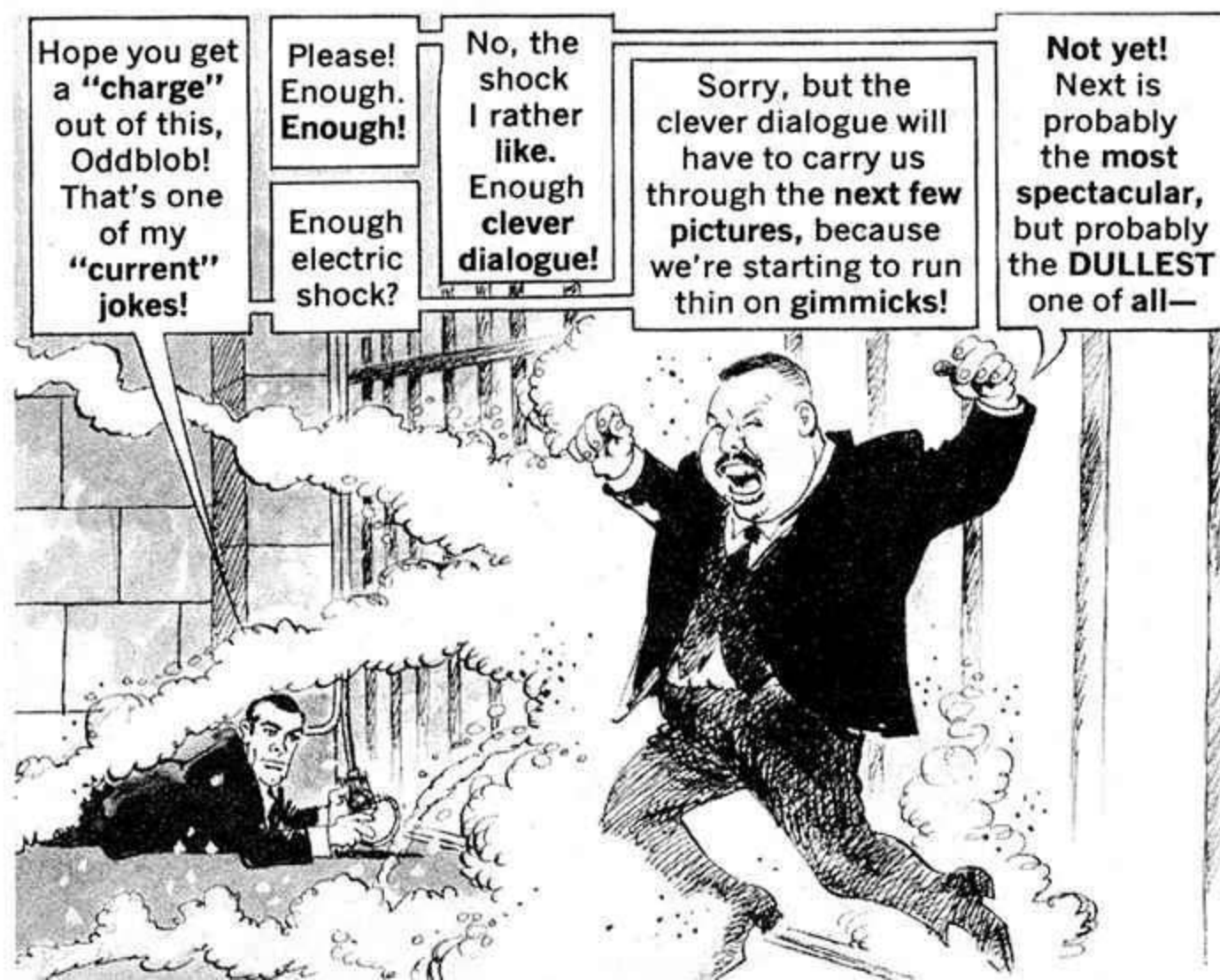
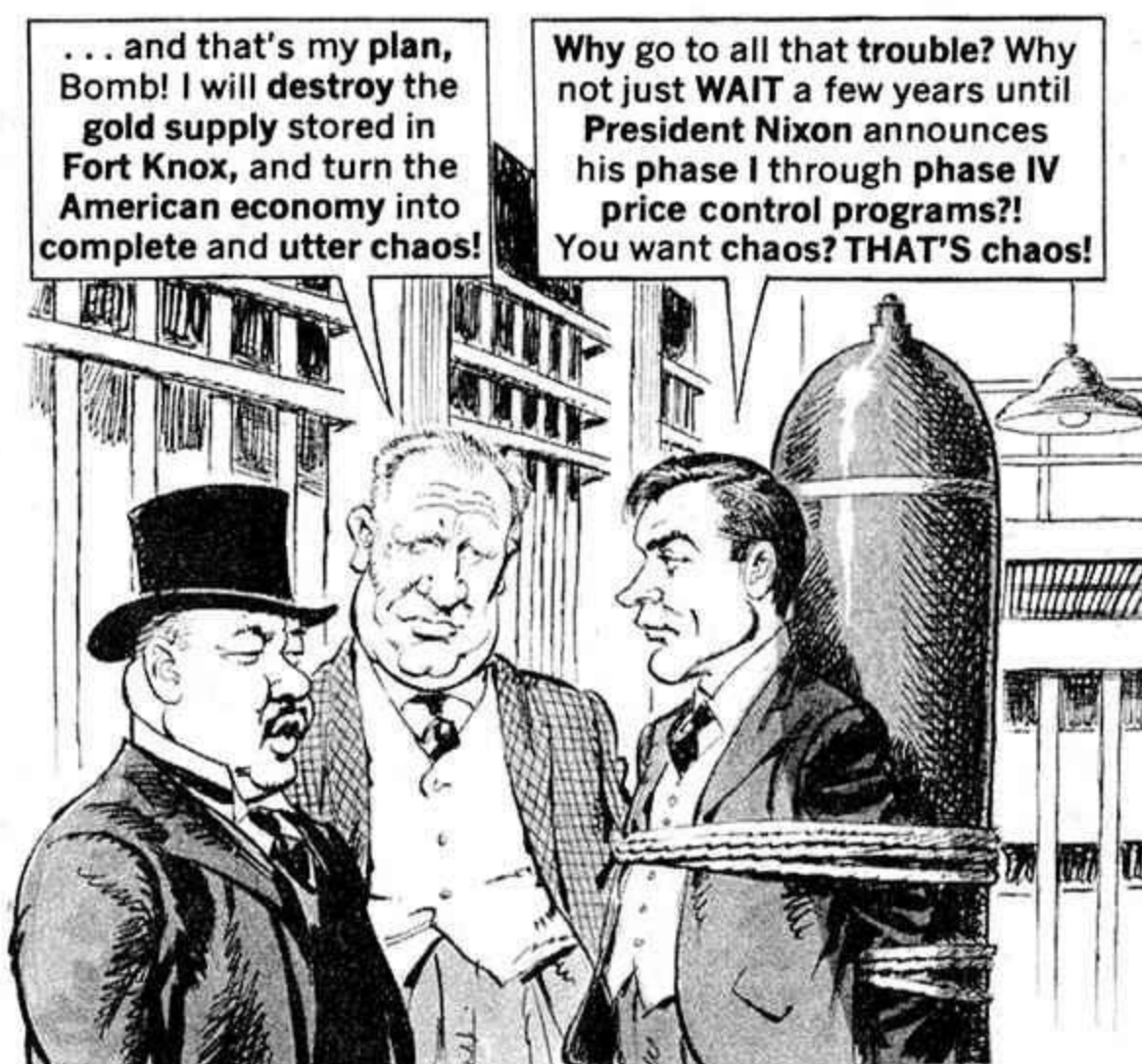
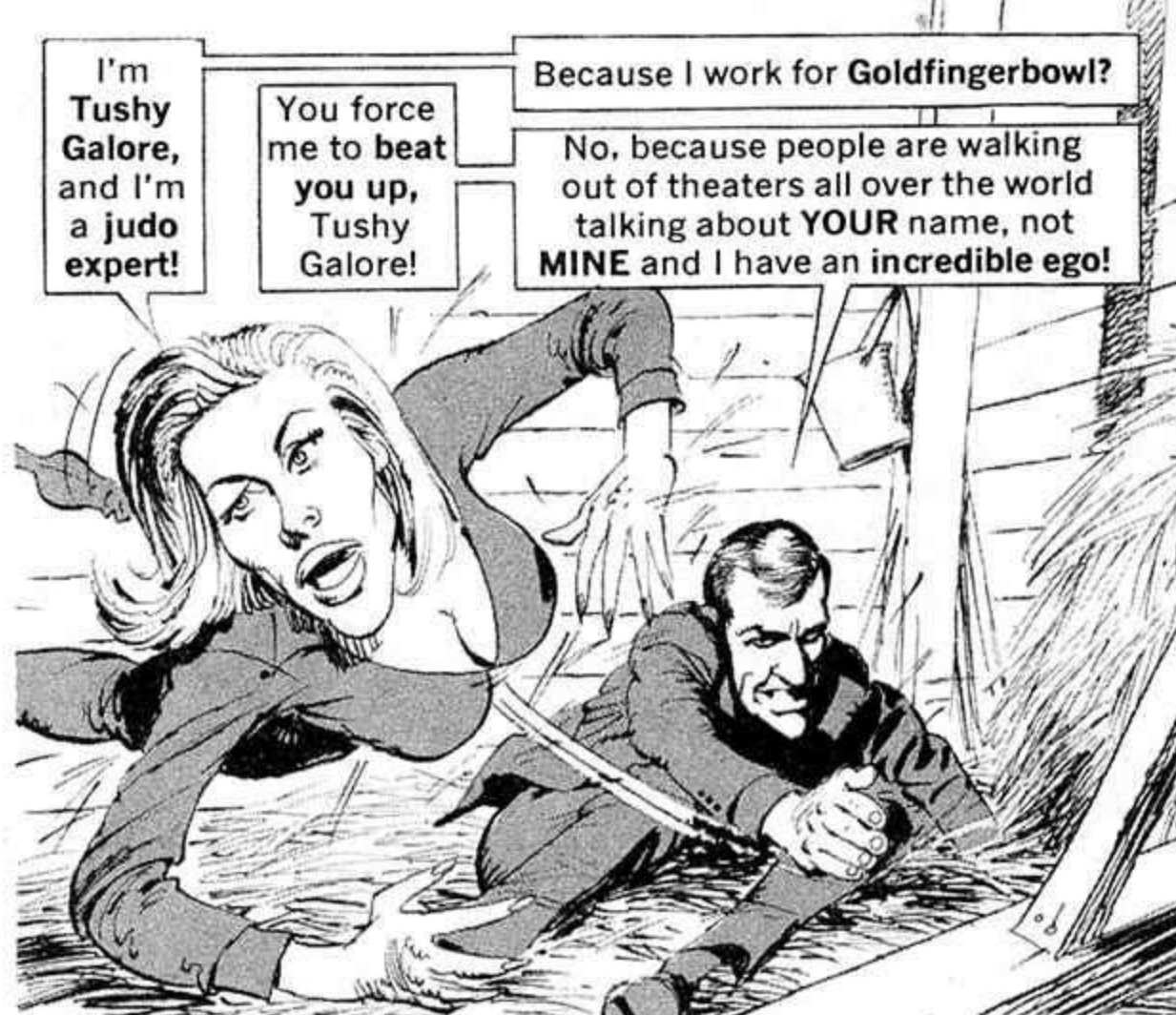
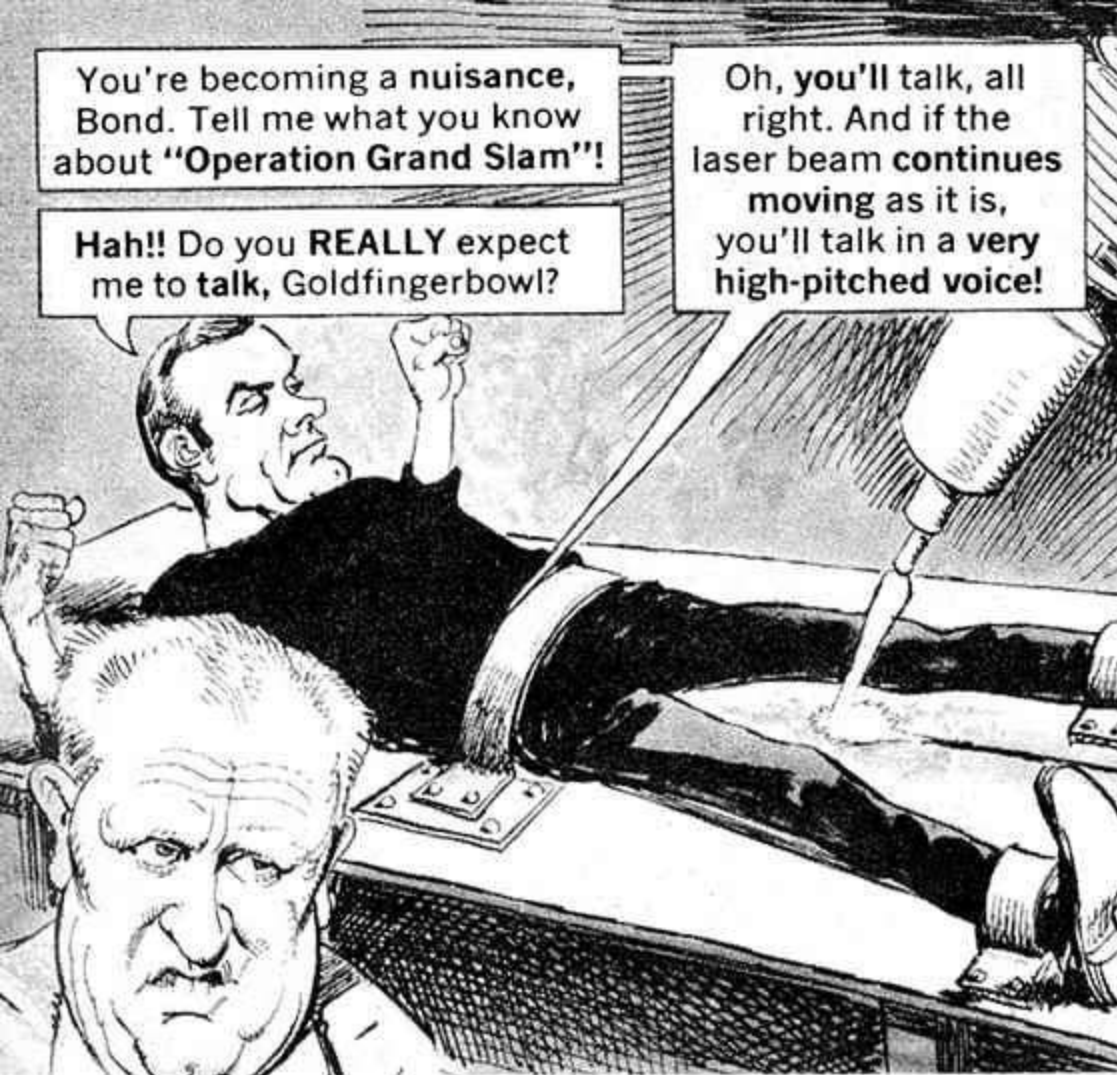
I could have helped you on that, Bomb! Now you and your kind will live to regret this!

Why? You're only one of Goldfingerbowl's thugs!

No . . . I'm **Ralph Nader!**









# "THUNDEBLAHH"

In this big budget fantasy, you get to battle frogmen and an underwater army, 007.

So here's your supply of outlandish gadgets! A scuba suit with hand grenades attached, a geiger counter disguised as a camera, a motorized back pack that also fires explosive spears, and...

But that stuff weighs over a hundred pounds. As soon as I put it on, I'll sink straight to the bottom!

That's the idea! See, the stars of **THIS** film are the lavish sets and the special effects. We don't really need you at all!



Hi! I'm James Bomb! I came to the Bahamas to track down a stolen army bomber, and a few missing atom bombs.

I don't have them. Good! Let's make love!

But we're underwater! I've heard of making love on a waterbed, but this is ridiculous!



That James Bomb may be a brilliant agent on land but this underwater assignment seems to be a bit too much for him.

What makes you say that?

He just torpedoed two tuna, punched a flounder and made a witty, offhand remark to a herring!



Well, James, you finally killed the villain Lardo, recovered the two missing atom bombs, smashed the Spectre operation, and now you've ended up in this boat, alone with me. So, let's celebrate in your usual fashion.

Dominique, you won't believe this, but I'm not in the mood for love.

Not in the mood? But you ate a dozen oysters! Only six of them worked!

Is there another girl? Yes! And WE wind up in a boat, too, at the end of...



# "YOU ONLY LIVE NICE"

Well James, you've foiled your archenemy, **Blowhard**, blown up his volcano stronghold, seduced all his female assistants, and saved the free world once more. How do you feel?

Terrible! I'm retiring as James Bomb.

Why, you can't be serious! You ARE James Bomb!

I know. But I am also Sean Crockerly. I want to pursue my career as an actor. I will NEVER play James Bomb again!

Who will they get?

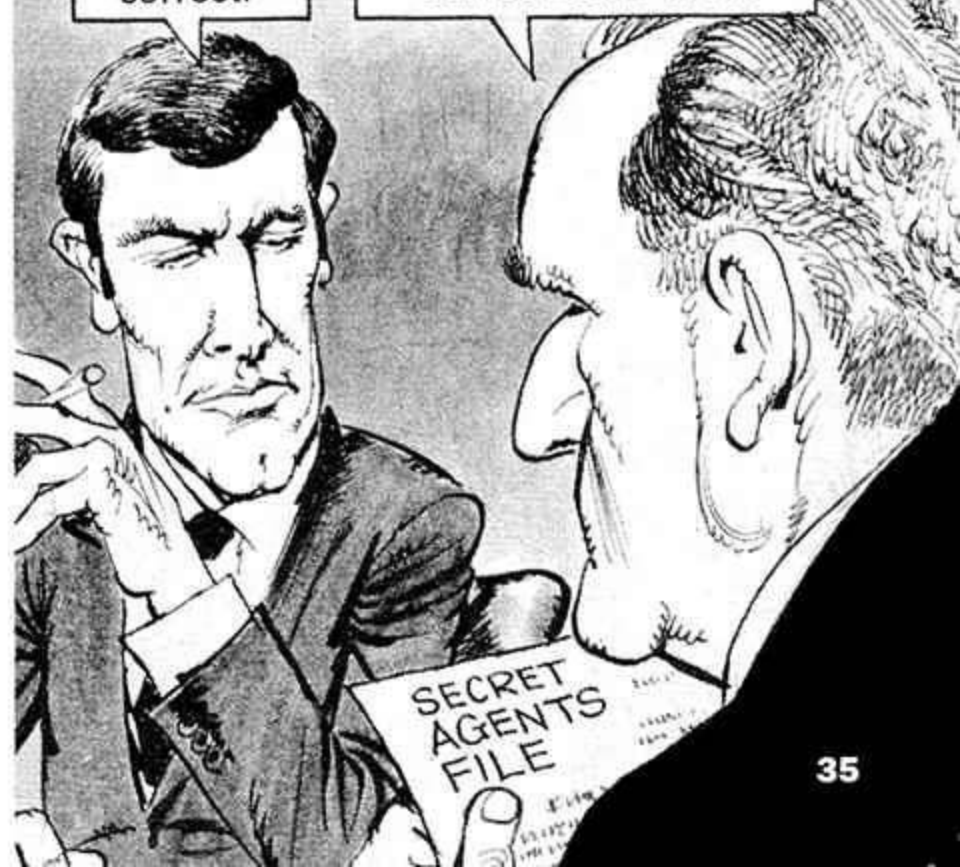
Well, undoubtedly they will have to replace me with another "super-star," like a Richard Burton, or a Paul Newman, or a Steve McQueen, or a... G-Geo...



G-George LAZYBEE?!

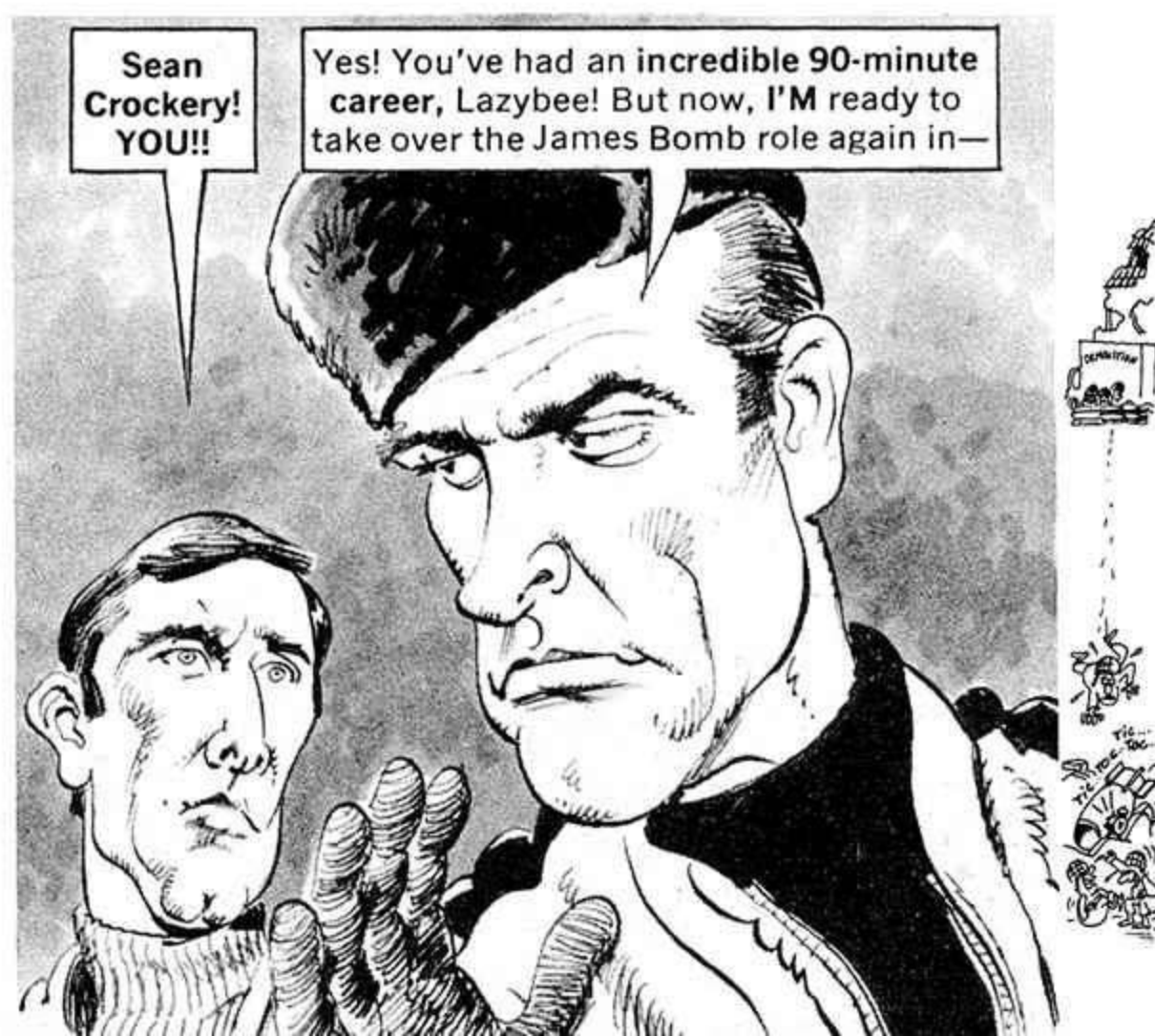
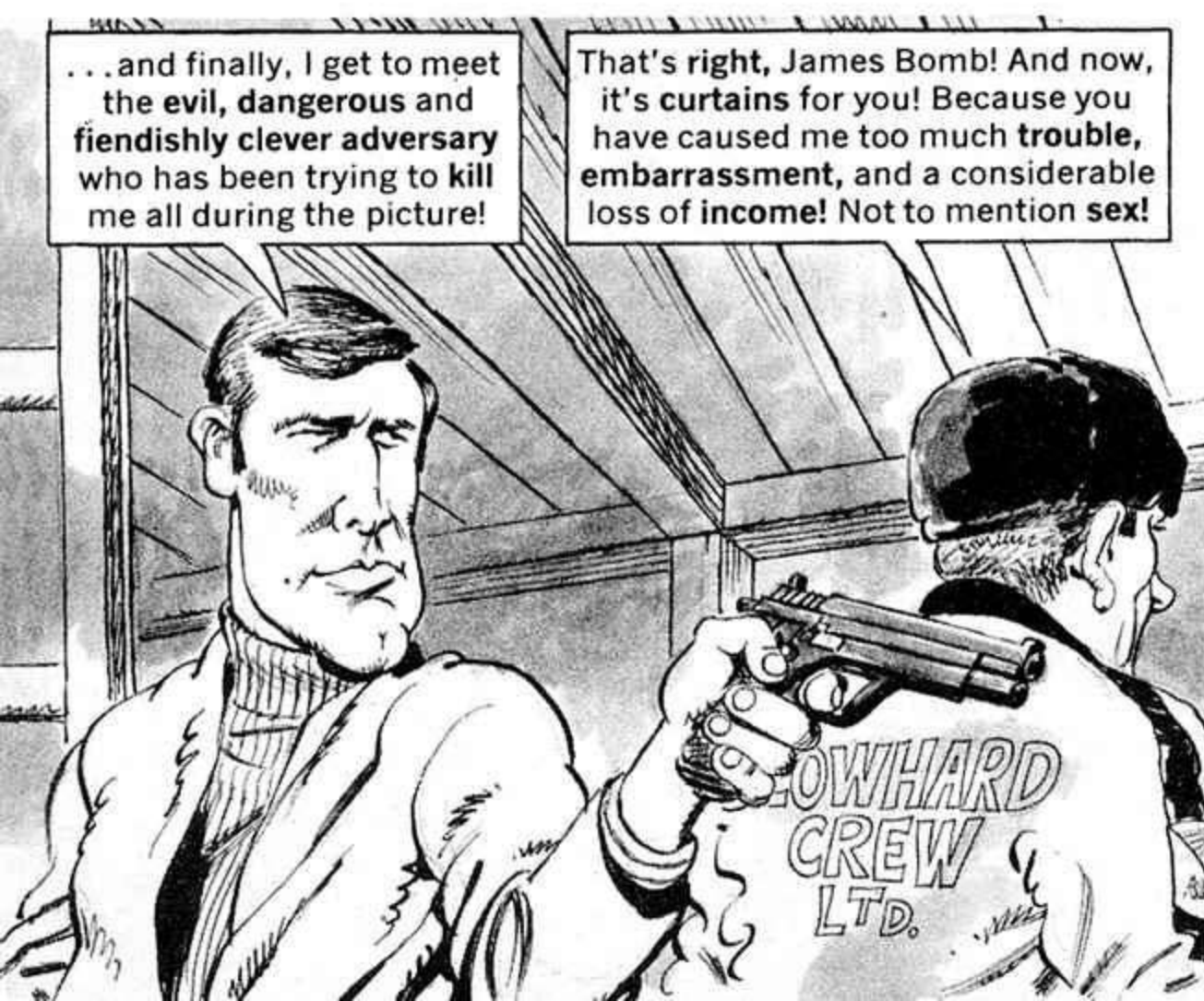
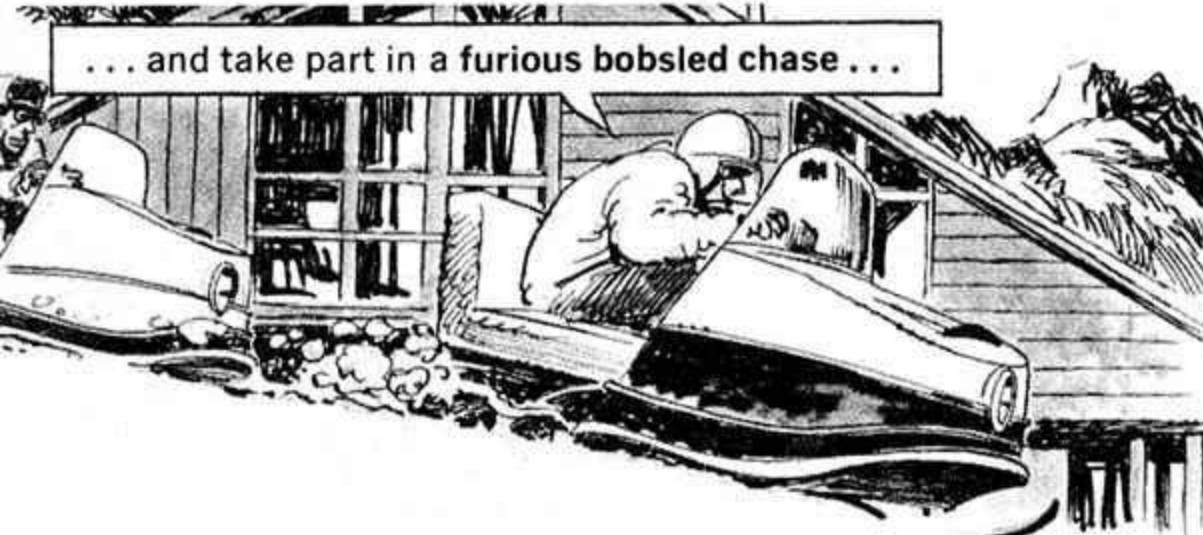
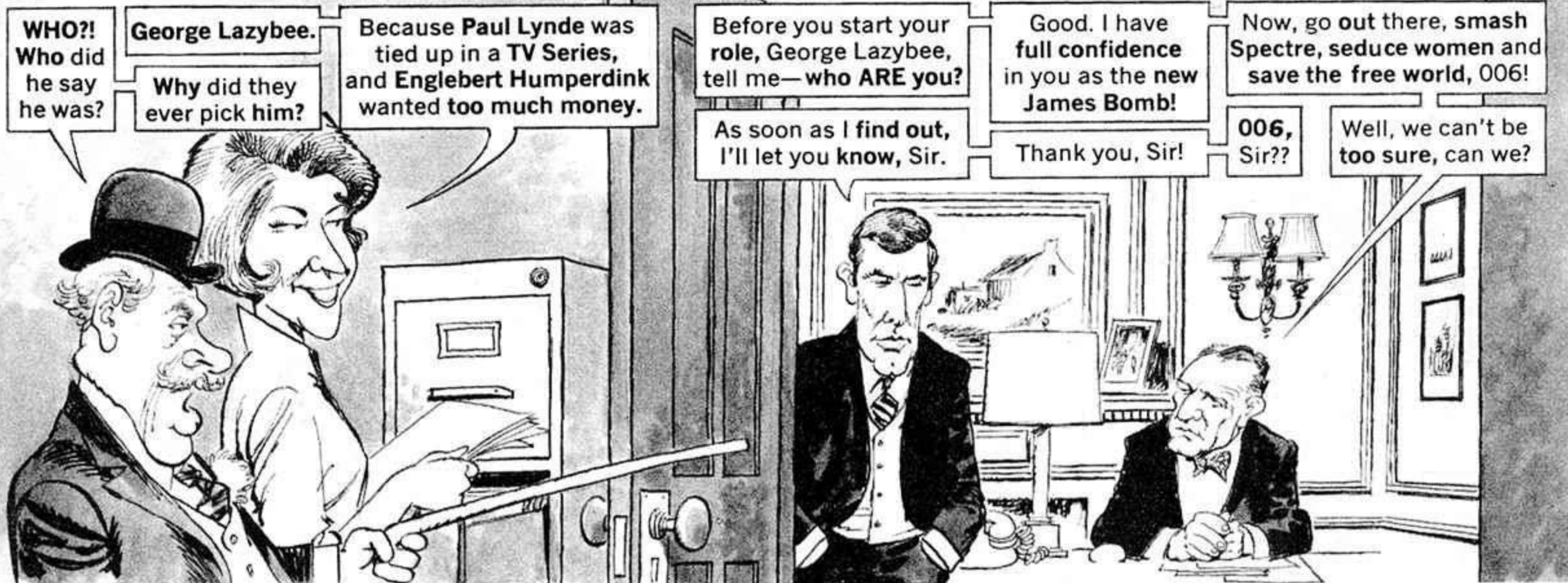
That is correct.

You have been chosen from among all of the "super-stars" to be the new James Bomb in...





# "ON HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SHAMUS"





# "DOLLARS ARE FOREVER"

Well, Sean? What changed your mind and made you put on your shoulder holster again?

Two reasons. First, the money they offered was incredible—

And the other . . . ?

In two years, the only other career offer I got was a chance to sit in the middle box on "Hollywood Squares!"

But now, you are older and considerably fatter. Do you think you can handle the rigors of playing James Bomb?

W—why not? Of course I can!



Here we are in a zany chase scene, barrelling through Las Vegas!

And LOOK . . . James Bomb's car is tipping over on two wheels! What a great stunt driver they've got!

That's no stunt driver. That's BOMB!! He HAS put on weight!



Say . . . you're Jill St. Joe, the gal who dates Henry Kissingfool, aren't you?

That's right.

Tell me, how do I compare to him?

Well, he's sexy.

I'M sexy!

He's very witty and charming!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!

He has a brilliant future ahead of him.

I'M very witty and charming!



Hurry! It's hanging by a thin thread!

The rope?

No, my career!

Please allow me to end that career, and start MINE, in . . .



# "LIVE AND LET SUFFER"

Get dressed, Bomb. You're off on a new assignment. We're predicting that this picture will do fantastic box office.

Impossible! You've got a cast of **UNKNOWNs**, with me leading them!

Yes, but we've got **Paul McCartney** to sing the title song!

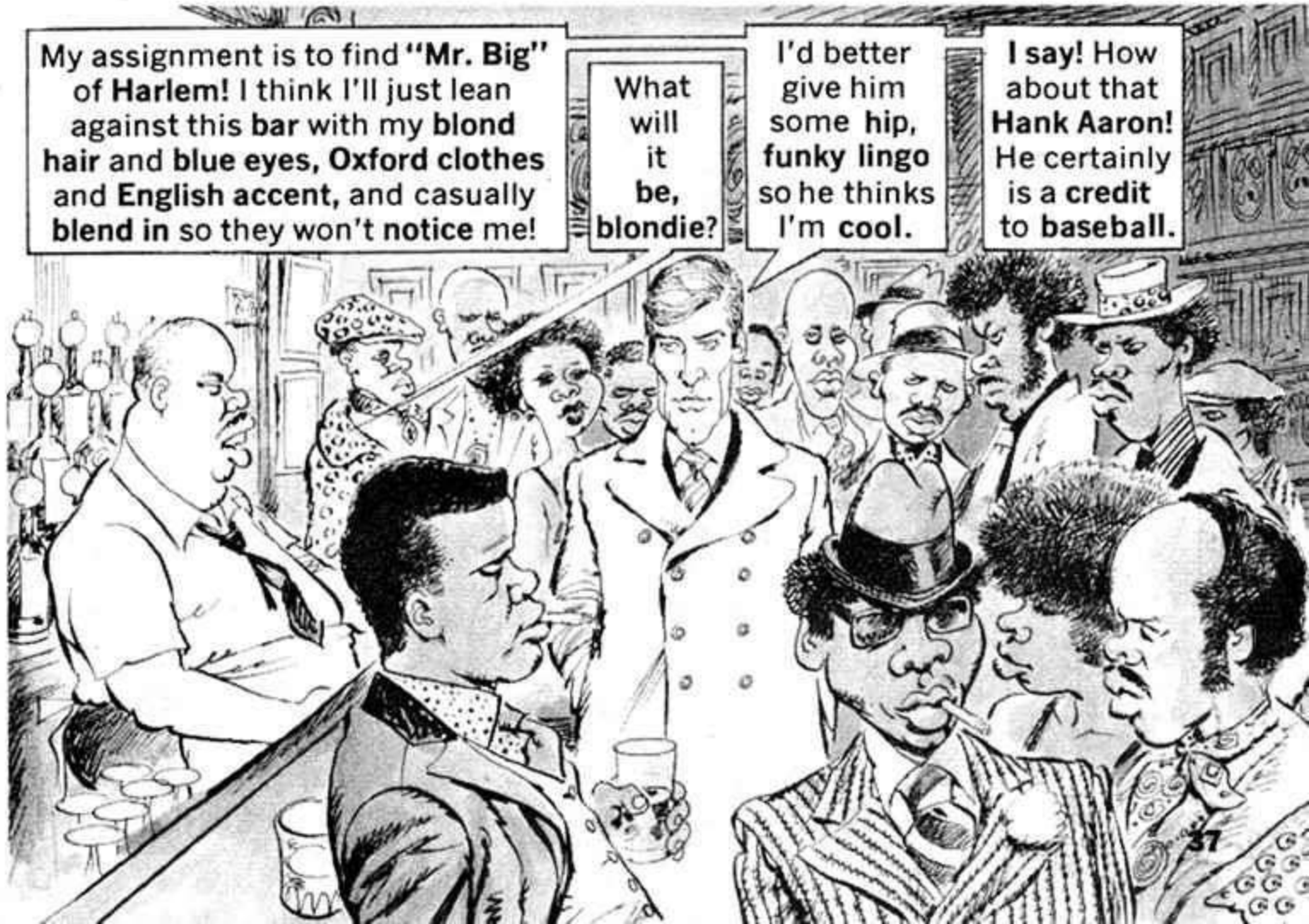


My assignment is to find "Mr. Big" of Harlem! I think I'll just lean against this bar with my blond hair and blue eyes, Oxford clothes and English accent, and casually blend in so they won't notice me!

What will it be, blondie?

I'd better give him some hip, funky lingo so he thinks I'm cool.

I say! How about that **Hank Aaron**? He certainly is a credit to baseball.







I guess it wasn't funky enough!



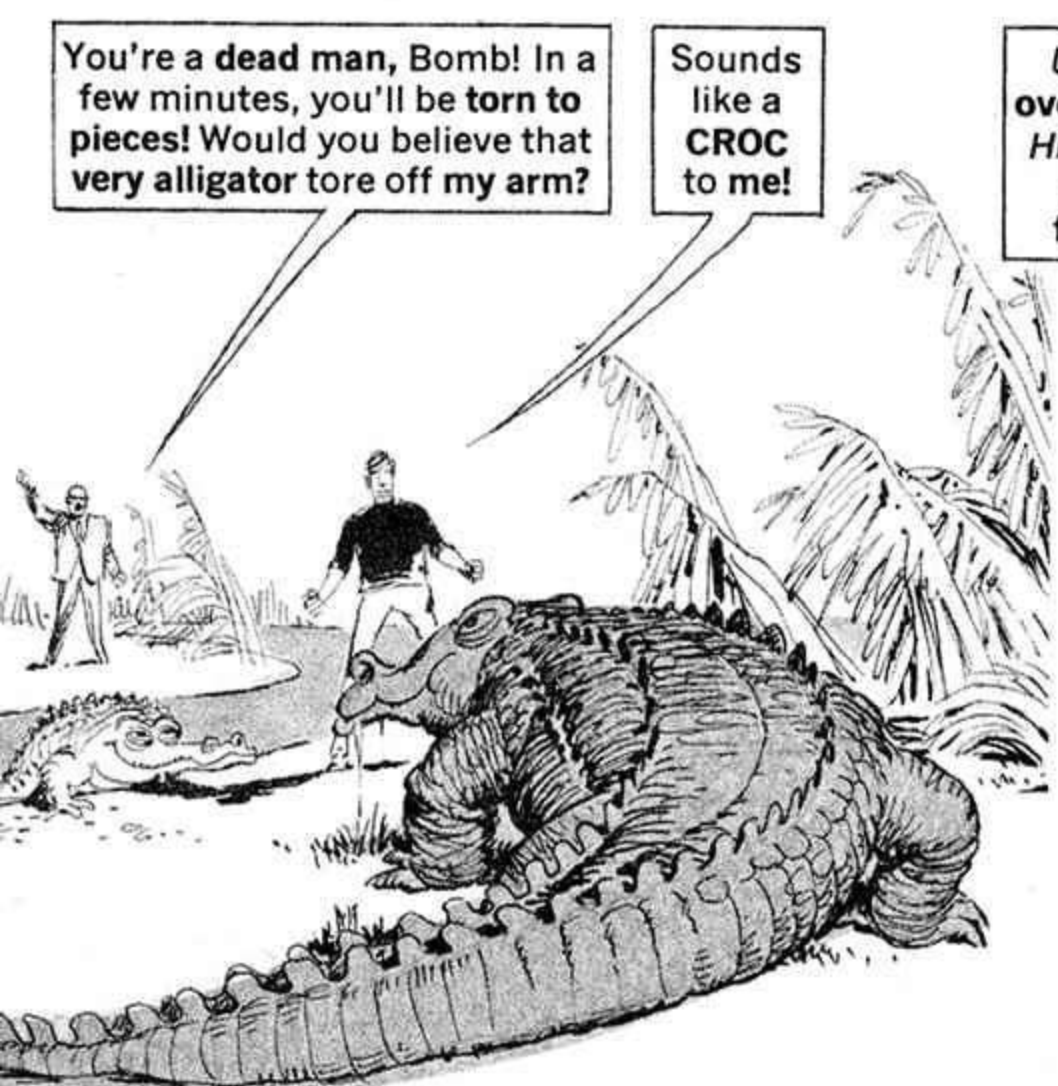
What do the tarot cards tell you about him, Canasta?

The cards tell me that he will cause you no problems.

Groovy! What else do they tell you?

They tell me that President Nixon did not know about Watergate, that there is no mafia, that Howard Cosell is modest and that Totie Fields will be the next Miss America!

I think we're in big trouble. We'd better blow Harlem and return to the Caribbean!



You're a dead man, Bomb! In a few minutes, you'll be torn to pieces! Would you believe that very alligator tore off my arm?

Sounds like a CROC to me!

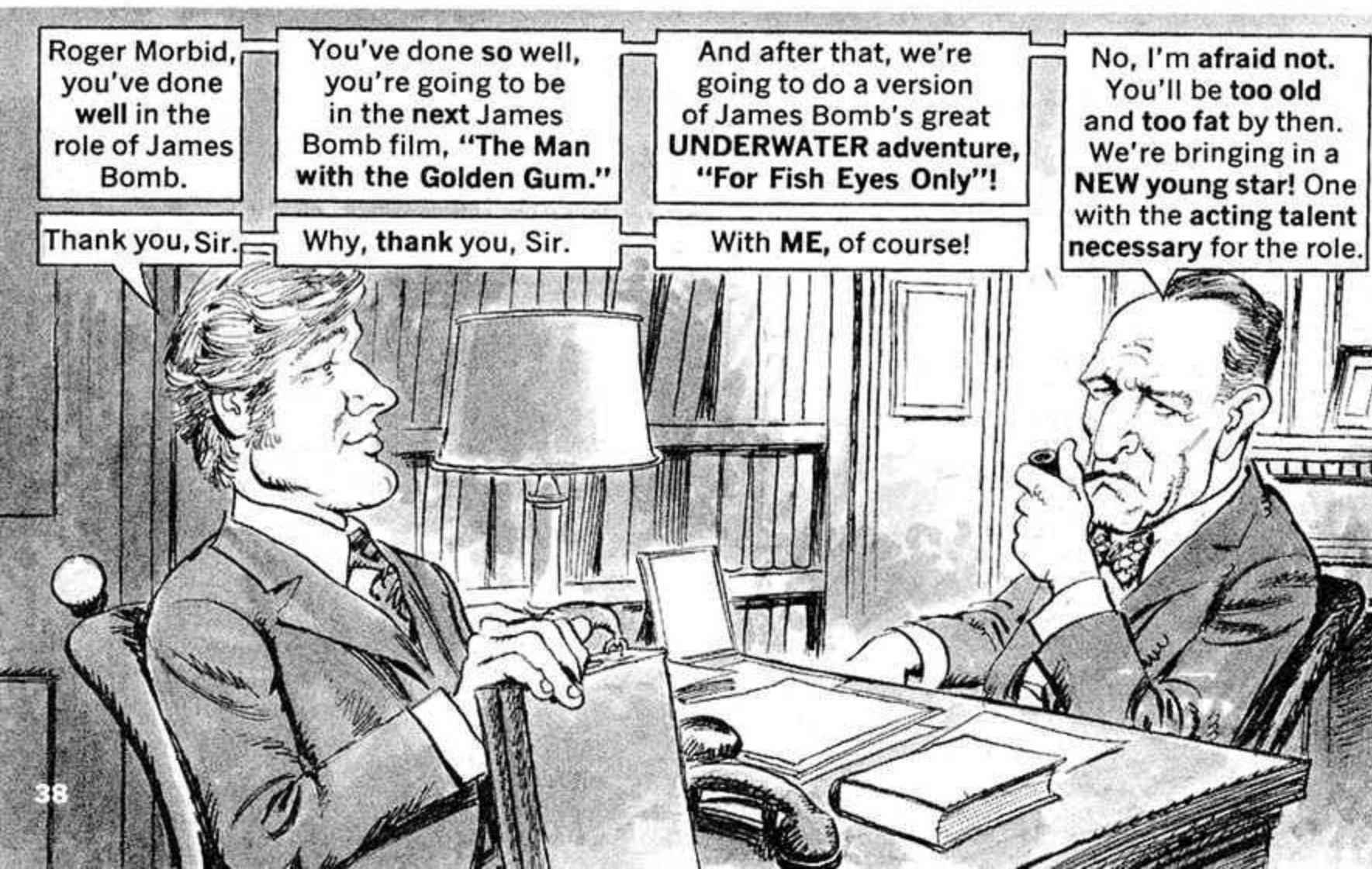


Uggh! Oooff! You've overpowered me, Bomb! Hmpf! Good spy beats up bad spy in a 007 film? What a cliché!

It's a form of sweet revenge!

For the secret agents we killed? For subjecting your girlfriend to the pain of voodoo torture?

No, for the box office success of good movies like "Scorpio"!



Roger Morbid, you've done well in the role of James Bomb.

You've done so well, you're going to be in the next James Bomb film, "The Man with the Golden Gum."

And after that, we're going to do a version of James Bomb's great UNDERWATER adventure, "For Fish Eyes Only"!

No, I'm afraid not. You'll be too old and too fat by then. We're bringing in a NEW young star! One with the acting talent necessary for the role.

Thank you, Sir.

Why, thank you, Sir.

With ME, of course!



glugg  
glugg





A MAD peek behind the scenes at  
the making of...

# AUSTIN POWERS THE SPY WHO SHAGGED ME

In this sequel,  
Mike Myers plays  
Austin Powers, Dr.  
Evil AND Fat Bastard!

I guess it  
really shows  
his talent!

You said it! His talent  
for business! Playing  
three parts means  
getting three salaries!

Is that  
Mike Myers'  
real chest  
hair?!

No, but the  
amazing thing  
is, those are  
his real teeth!

I think Mike Myers  
does the worst  
impression of a  
James Bond  
character ever!

Obviously,  
you've  
never seen  
Pierce  
Brosnan!

This movie used  
every known  
euphemism for  
male genitalia!

All but  
one!  
"Adam  
Sandler"!

Does this make  
you horny, baby?  
Just turn the  
page for more!



I'm concerned about this part of the script, Mike! Do you realize there are four scatological jokes in three minutes?

Oh, that's an old draft of the script! I've already taken care of that! The revised version has SIX scatological jokes in three minutes!

Mike, you are a comedy genius!

Elizabeth Hurley was in the original *Austin Powers*, so how come Mike Myers hired Heather Graham for the sequel?

If you were married and had the chance to romp around naked with someone new and call it "business," wouldn't you?

MIKE MYERS

ENTER VANESSA:  
"BYE,"  
EXIT RIGHT!

BABY BACK RIBS

SHAG CARPET

All through this movie they talk about shagging! What exactly IS shagging?!

How the shag should I know?!

Hey! We're shooting a movie here! Shut the shag up!

Shag you, you shaggin' moron!

BOOM  
MIKE

CAMERA  
1

ASSISTANT  
TO  
MR. BIGGLESWORTH

I think Rob Lowe does an incredible impression of a young Robert Wagner!

I agree! But the guy playing the old Robert Wagner sucks!

I think Dr. Evil and Mini-Me is the oddest pairing I've ever seen!

Wait till you see the scene with Burt Bachrach and Elvis Costello!

.30  
AMMO

BIGGLESWORTH'S

#1  
#2

#2  
#2

Buffy

CLAP OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
MAX KORN



I have to get in bed with that thing and make love to it!

My God, how do you prepare for something like that?!

I pretend I have to choose between making love to him or dealing with a bunch of lawyers!

Jerry Springer must have rehearsed a lot to make this fake fight scene look so realistic.

Actually, he didn't rehearse at all. He's staged so many fake fights for his TV show, faking one for the big screen is no problem!

DAILIES

Do you have the precise order of how you want these scenes to run?!

On this film it doesn't matter! Just splice strips of film together and stop when you hit 90 minutes!

This prop really does work!

Check the instruction book again! And pay close attention to the picture of what part of the anatomy it's used for.

PROPS  
(AND  
MERCHANDISING  
TIE-INS)

AUSTIN'S  
BAG  
(BABY)

FAT  
BASTARD  
STOOL  
SAMPLE

I'M  
WORTHY!

I'm sorry, but I don't know who you are. Now please get off the lot!

Mike Myers must get a lot of strangers pestering him.

He does! Unfortunately, that man was Dana Carvey!

TORONTO  
MAPLE  
LEAFS

WAYNE'S  
WORLD  
III



**Why You  
SHOULD  
See This  
Movie!**



**A POKE IN THE SPY DEPT.**

Movies are expensive. The tickets cost a bundle. And hoo boy, what about the price figures if you bring a date (although, if you're reading MAD, that's probably not an issue). Which is why, as a service to our loyal readers, we want to help you make an informed read...

**MAD'S THUMBS UP/  
WHY YOU SHOULD**

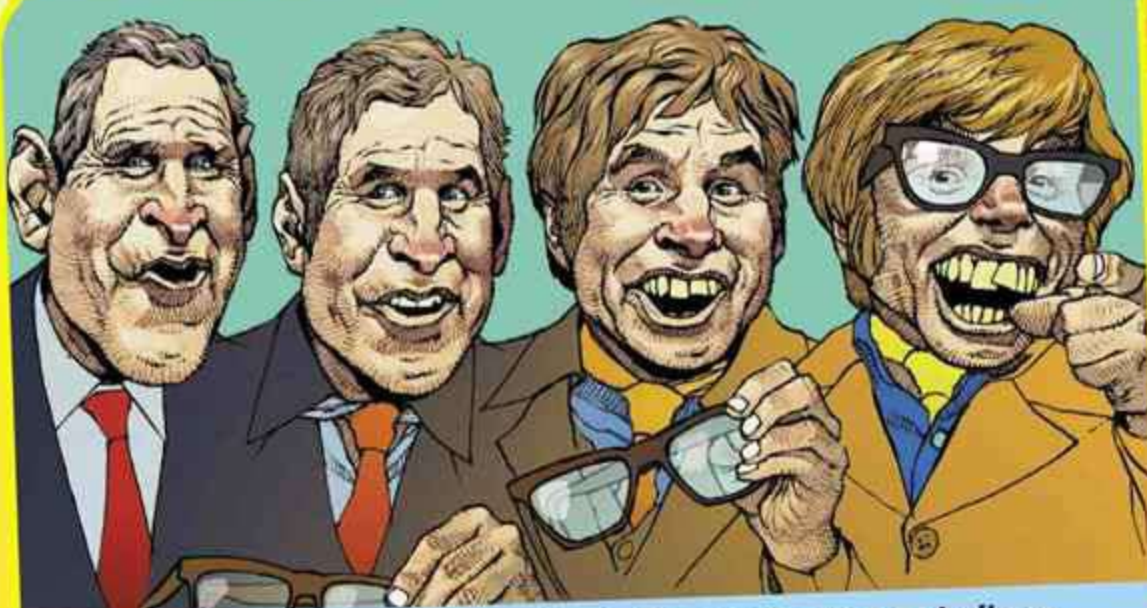
# AUSTIN POWERS IN



You haven't seen the trailer and therefore haven't yet seen the only two funny scenes in the film.



You're a poorly dressed, braces-wearing nerd who wants to see someone even more awkward than yourself getting laid.



Since Bush became President, it's comforting to believe that a clueless dimwit can indeed save the world from evil.



Seeing all the freaky characters in the movie is a nice consolation if you weren't invited to Liza Minelli's wedding.



You're a chubby chaser turned on by Fat Bastard; a little person devotee turned on by my Mini-Me; or an Enron executive turned on by Dr. Evil.



You find the humor of Adam Sandler movies to be a little too complex and refined.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #421, SEP 2002



price of popcorn?! (How come stand-up comics never talk about that?) Double those (an issue)! Still, with so much riding on a night out, it's nice if the movie is actually decent! med choice, a competent pick, an un-sucky selection! You'll be able to do that after you

# THUMBS DOWN REVIEW OR SHOULDN'T SEE...

## GOLDMEMBER

WRITER **BARRY LIEBMANN**  
ARTIST **HERMANN MEJIA**

Why You  
**SHOULDN'T**  
See This  
Movie!



You realize you can rent the last two Austin Powers movies and pretend you're seeing this one.



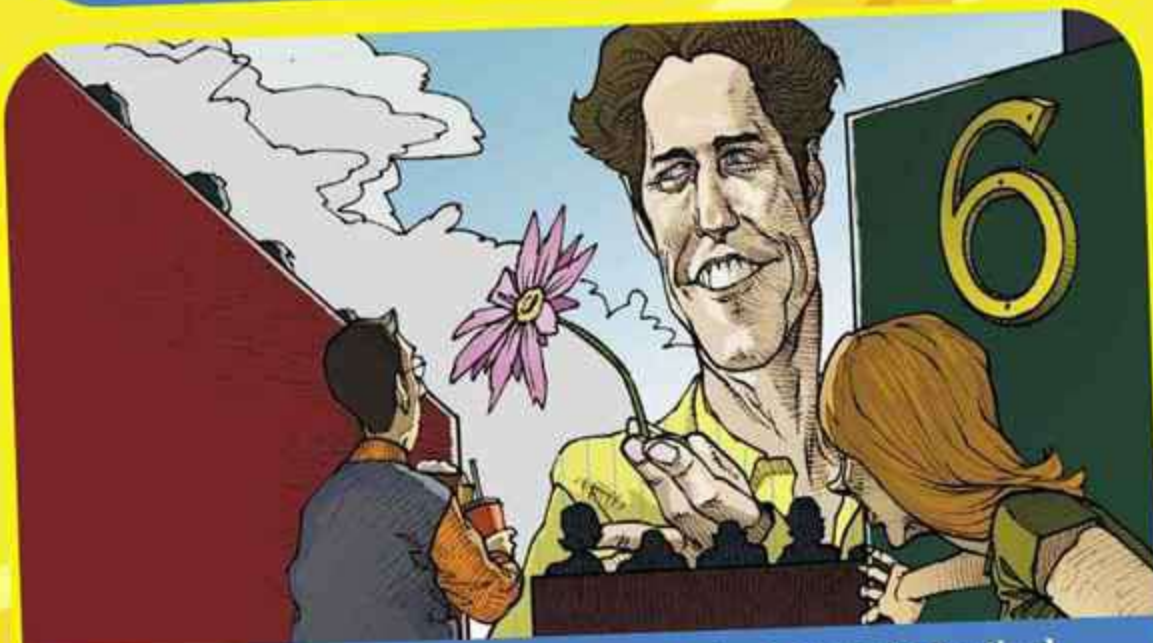
The sight of Mike Myers' fake chest hair reminds you of Robin Williams (and his much better Sean Connery impersonation).



The comedic love scenes between Mike Myers and Beyoncé Knowles aren't half as funny as the serious ones between Natalie Portman and Hayden Christensen in *Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones*.



If you see it and contribute to it becoming a box office smash, you'll only be encouraging more losers to do grating Austin Powers impressions, incessantly parroting "Yeah, baby!" and "Do I make you horny?" every chance they get.

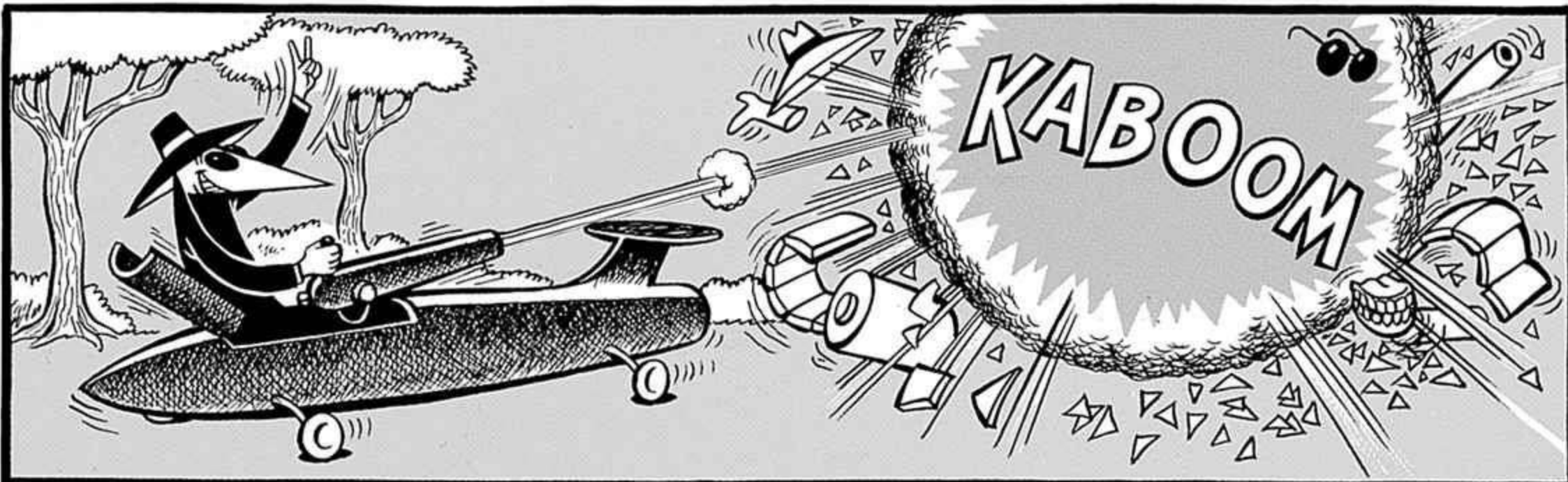
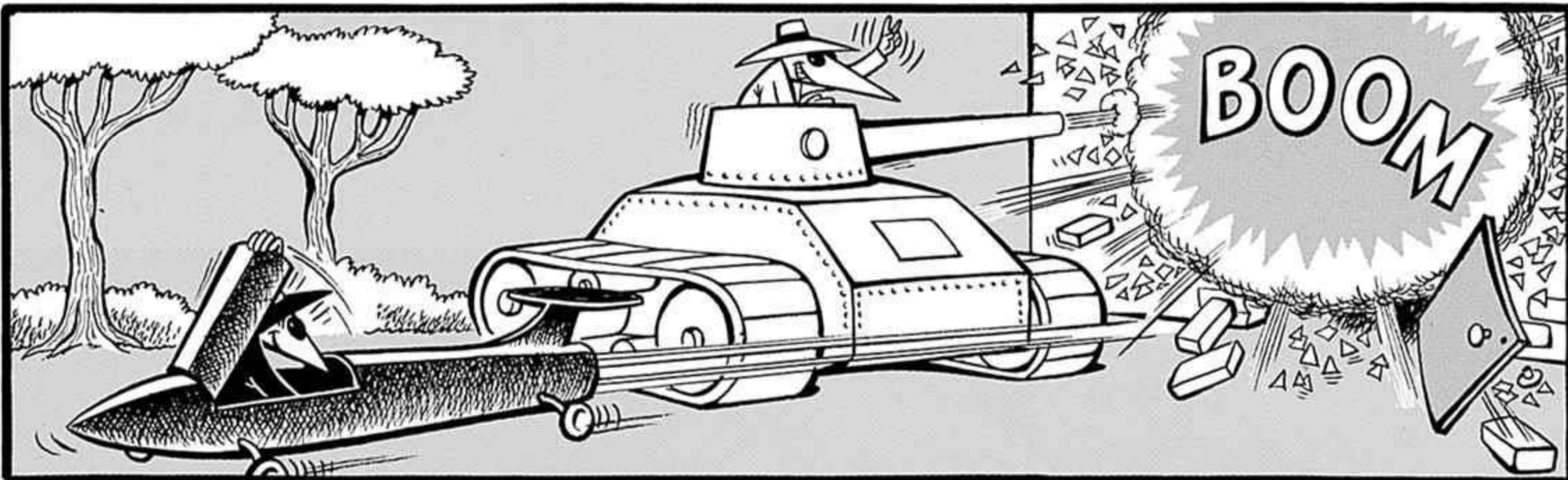
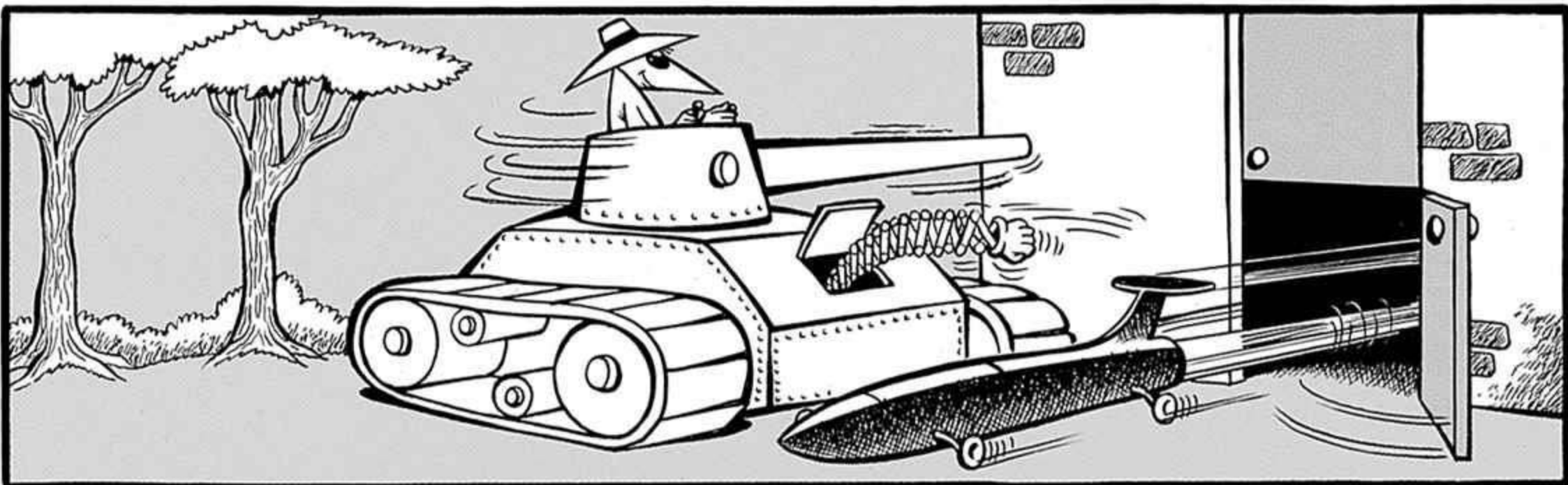
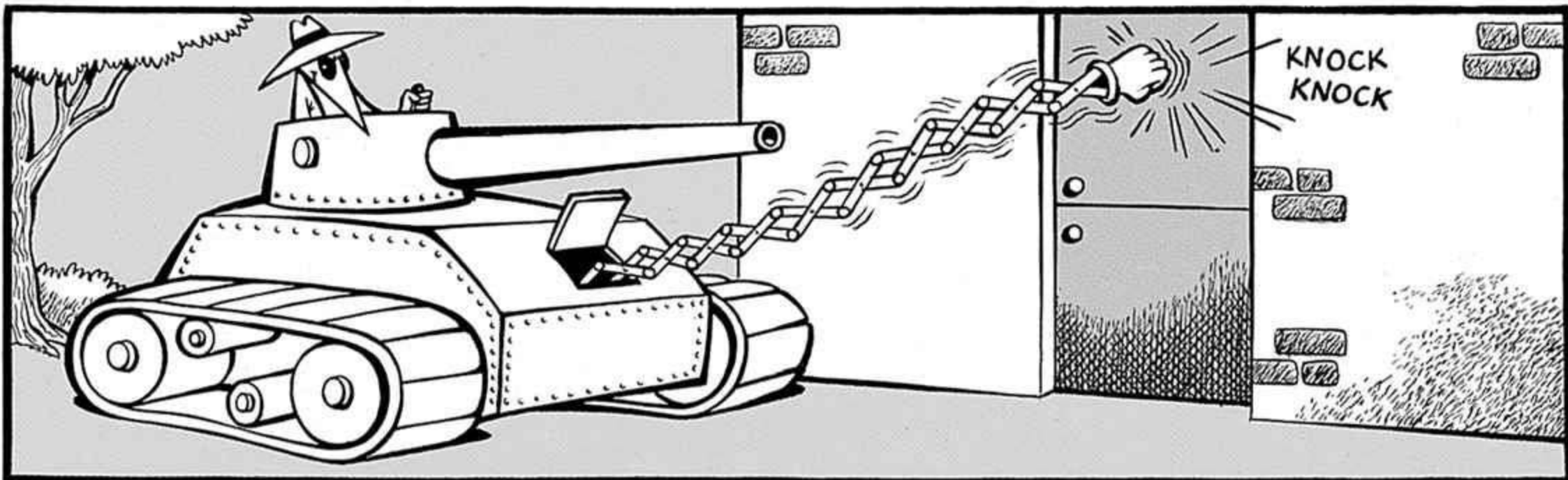
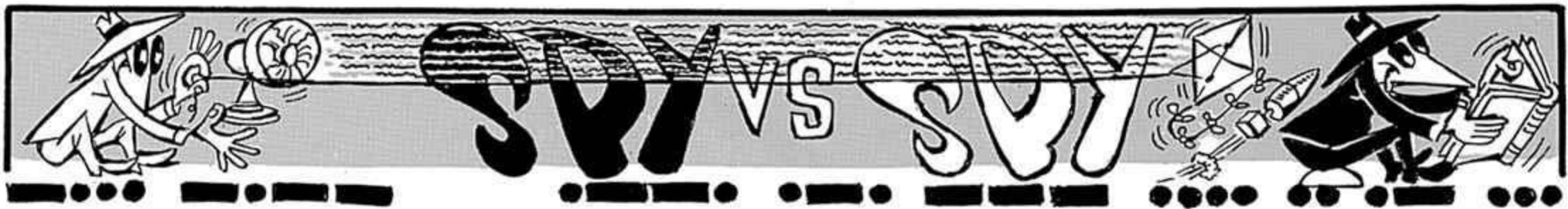


If you really want to see a stammering, snaggle-toothed Englishman clumsily hit on women, you can just see the Hugh Grant movie in the next theater.



If this film is a success, it might make movie execs think that there's a market for *So I Married Another Axe Murderer*.





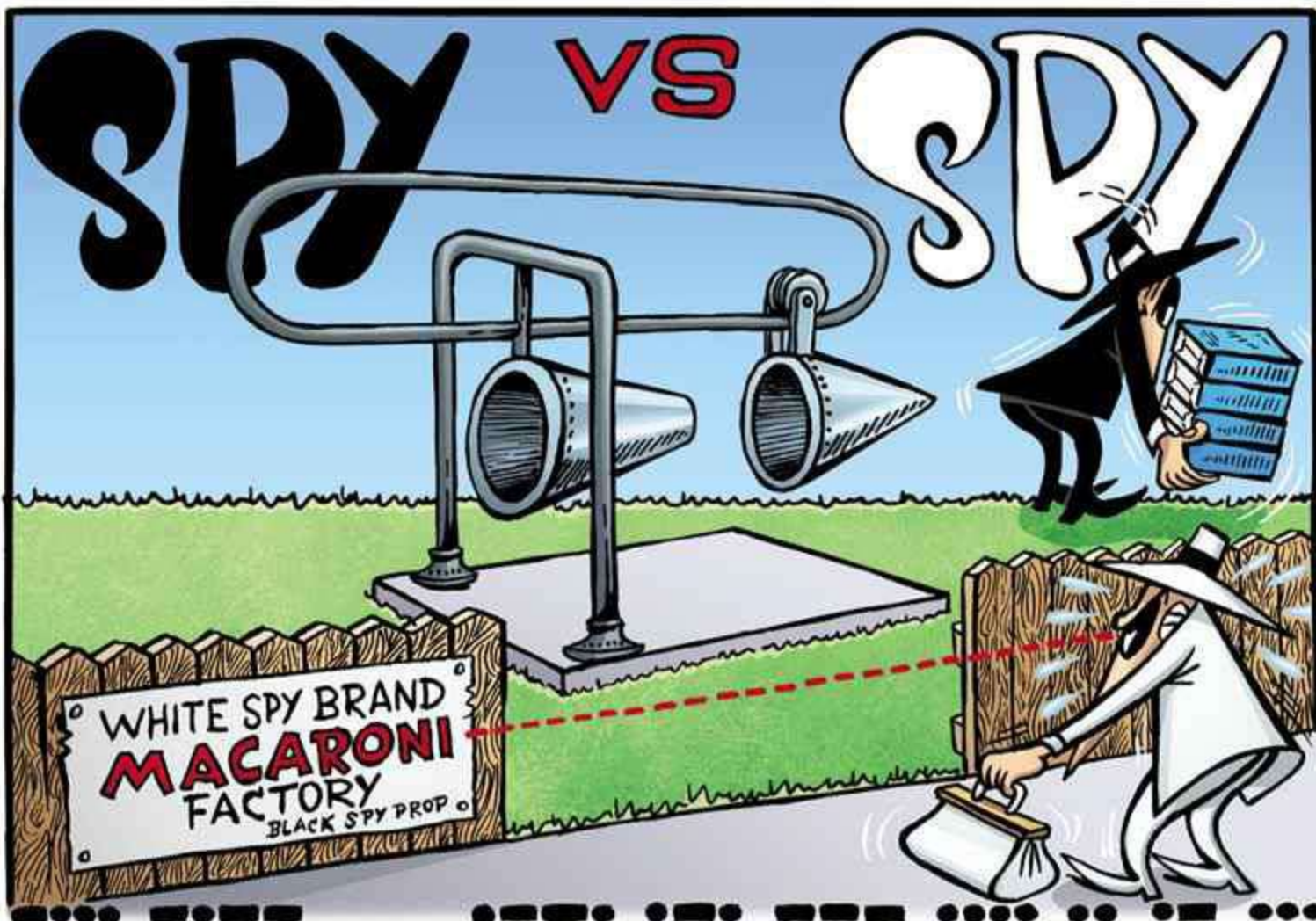
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #268, JAN 1987

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109  
108

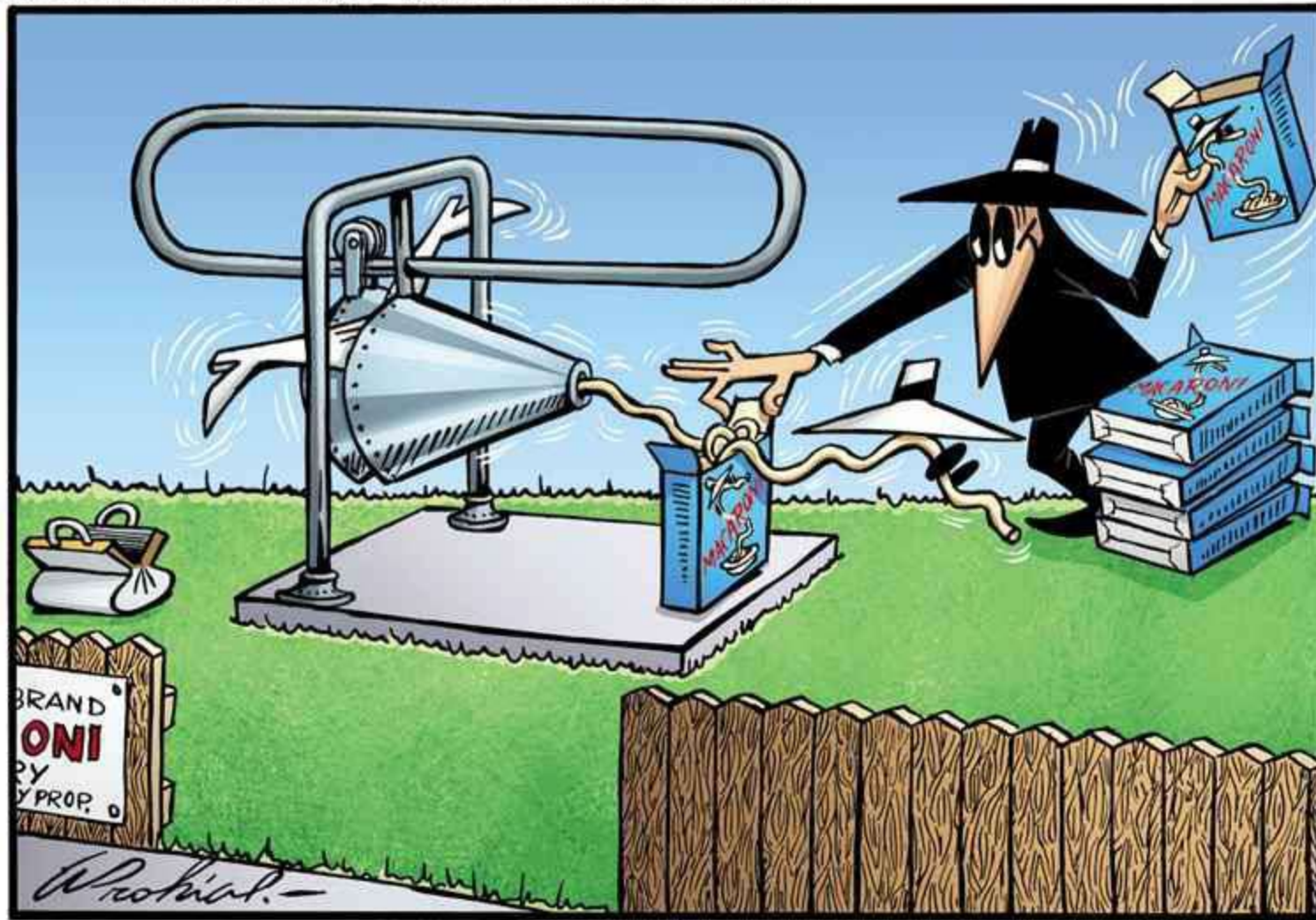
107  
106







WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN







## **HOOR GANG DEPT.**

What a great idea! A TV show that covers just 24 hours of a single day. Each week fans see just one hour of the 24! Millions tune in! They're confronted by a huge cast! Multiple plots! Multiple sub-plots! Multiple images! Quick cuts! Five scenes jammed onto the small TV screen at the same time! Characters that look so much like each other, you don't know who's who! As the weeks go by, the audience gives up trying to figure out what the hell is going on, and for the final episode, how many people are actually still watching?

# **24 VIEWERS**

The following takes place between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m. PST or 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. MTN...or 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. CST...or 11 a.m. to noon EST. Overseas viewers — you're on your own!

I'm Jerk Sour! I quit CTU last season, but I'm back! It's nerve-racking, dangerous work, hunting down spies! Okay, I admit it, I'm a little high-strung! These people I'm mowing down in the supermarket aren't spies, but every one of them asked for plastic instead of a paper bag! I hate it when people don't think of the environment!

The upside of my job is that I get to blow away anyone I feel like! That, plus the fact that I only work Tuesday nights for one really intense hour a week! That leaves 6 days and 23 hours to mellow out! Hell, if you take out time for the commercials, I only work 42 minutes a week! 42 minutes work for a full week's salary! Typical of how the American government spends your tax dollars!



It's about time that a black man got to be President! Finally, a black man gets to share in all the responsibilities of the White House! Like those white Presidents who have gone before me, I get to lie to the press, declare war without consulting Congress, appoint morons to the Supreme Court, make shady deals with big businesses, have people detained on a whim...the list is endless! Yep, it's good to be President!

I'm Standin, President Calmer's right-hand man! I read every communication destined for the President! The ones I think are unimportant, he never sees! The ones I think are good, I take credit for!

I'm the President's chief aide! It's my job to help protect the President and, of course, being in Washington, the political backstabbing capital of the world, my most important job is to protect my own ass first!



I'm Kake! My sister, Marry, always had more ambition! She was the first to want to get married, and the first to want to help take over the world! And the first in the family willing to commit murder! Next to her, I'm such a failure!

That handsome guy on the right is my fiancé, Raisin, but I'm not going to marry him! I can't tell him that, because he would be heartbroken. So I'm going to kill him instead! Yes, I'm THAT sensitive to his feelings!





I'm Dim! Trying to get my Dad, Jerk, on the phone is just about impossible! Then, when I do get him, he always has an excuse why he can't see me! He says he's stopping a nuclear explosion, or executing a terrorist, or cracking a spy ring! A typical male — no priorities! Especially today, when I need him most for something really important! I'm having a bad hair day!



I'm Merun! Dim is my Nanny! She gets paid \$20 an hour! Normally a Nanny would only make \$15 an hour, but since my dad is a child-beating, wife-killing, raging psychopath, we spring for the extra \$5 an hour! Whenever my dad, Scary goes into one of his fits, Dim takes me away from home so he can't touch me! She always brings me to a safe place to hang out! Right now she's hidden me here at this smelting factory, where I'll be free from harm!



What's all this talk about me being an irrational father? Irrational? Irrational? And what are you looking at? Yeah, you! You, reading this panel! Who the hell do you think you are? You want a punch in the mouth? Go to another panel and leave me alone! If you really want to know why I'm irrational, it's because all I ever get to do on this show is be irrational! And that makes me furious! Would it kill them to write me a rational scene? Like letting me use a doorknob to open a door once in a while?



WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **BOB JULIAN** TONAL RENDERING **WILDSTORM**

Being a highly trained Systems Validation Analyst here at CTU is scary! Here, when you see "fatal error" on your computer screen, it means you're a goner! For years, I thought CTU stood for Counter Terrorist Unit, but it actually stands for Contrived Timetable Unit! That's why there are those stupid digital clock numbers all over the place!

I'm Special Agent Brazen, head of the top secret Shhhhh Unit here at CTU! During a raid, I was exposed to a lethal dose of Plutonium and given a week to live! Fortunately, on this show, when you live just one hour every seven days, a week turns out to be quite a bit of time! Hell, I may even live to... cough...cough...uh, maybe not!

I wrote the top-top-secret encryption codes for every highly-classified document we have on file! When there was a big explosion at CTU, only I could give the secret code! That's because the Post-It Note I kept on my monitor with the secret code got blown away and couldn't be found!

I'm Jerk's wife, Tarry! I was killed in the first season, but when the producers do these fast-paced montage shots to fill the screen, all the characters look like other characters and in the confusion, you won't even remember I'm dead!



I'm Ninny! I killed Jerk's wife, and I'd like to kill her again! She's dead and she has a panel, and I just have my head stuck in here!



**BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!**



**The following takes place one hour after the hour you saw in last week's episode!**

**Great!**  
That  
fills  
**this**  
week's  
hour!

**FILM  
LAB**

1:04:10 AMT

**Welcome,  
fellow  
scumbag!**

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!**

**No! These shots are fine!**

**BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!**

True, they **never** miss an opportunity to **cross-market!** With **good reason,** too! If it weren't for **this show** and **ours,** FOX wouldn't have any **ratings** at all!

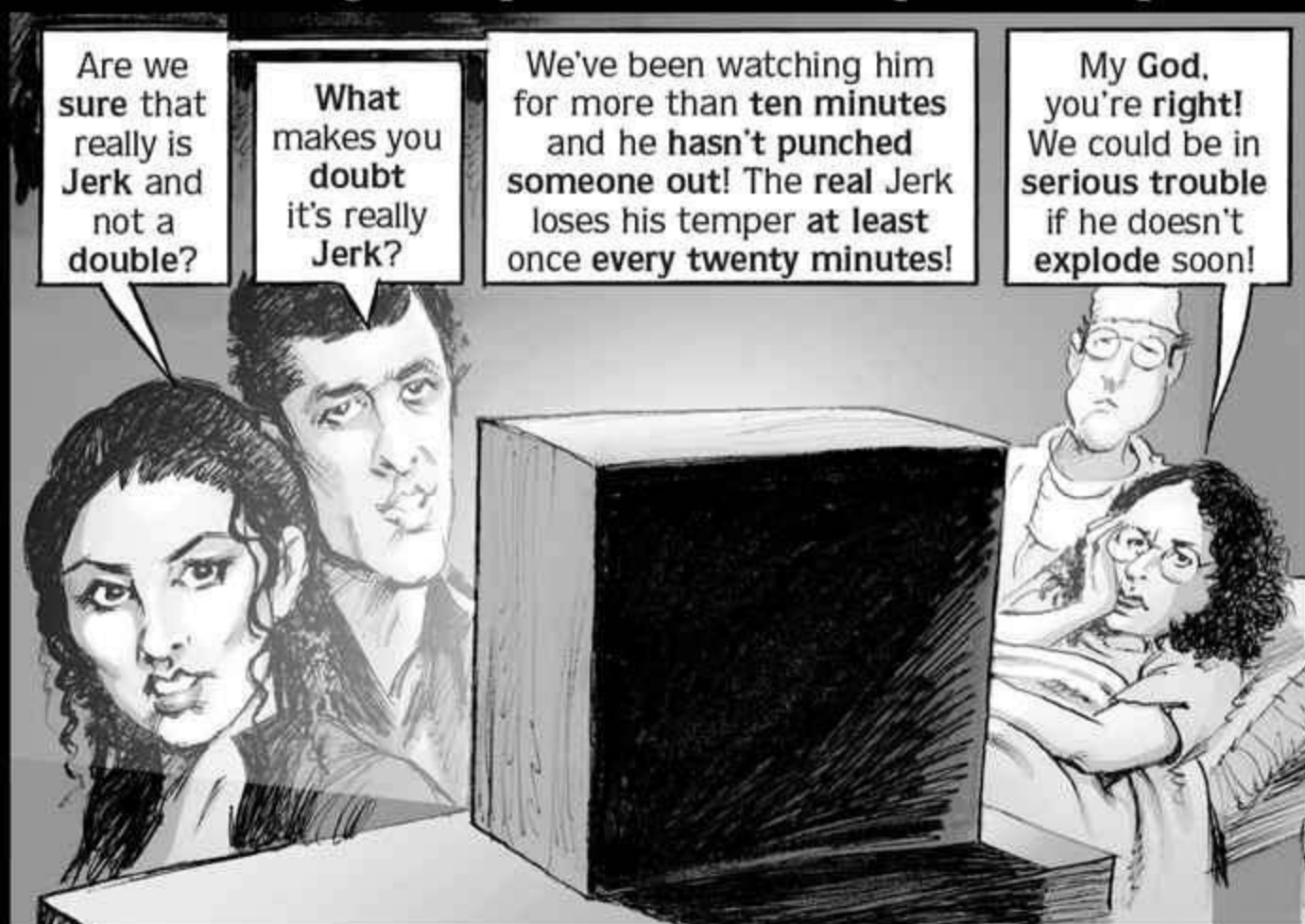
**BOOM-BOOM** *8:00 EST* **BOOMP!**



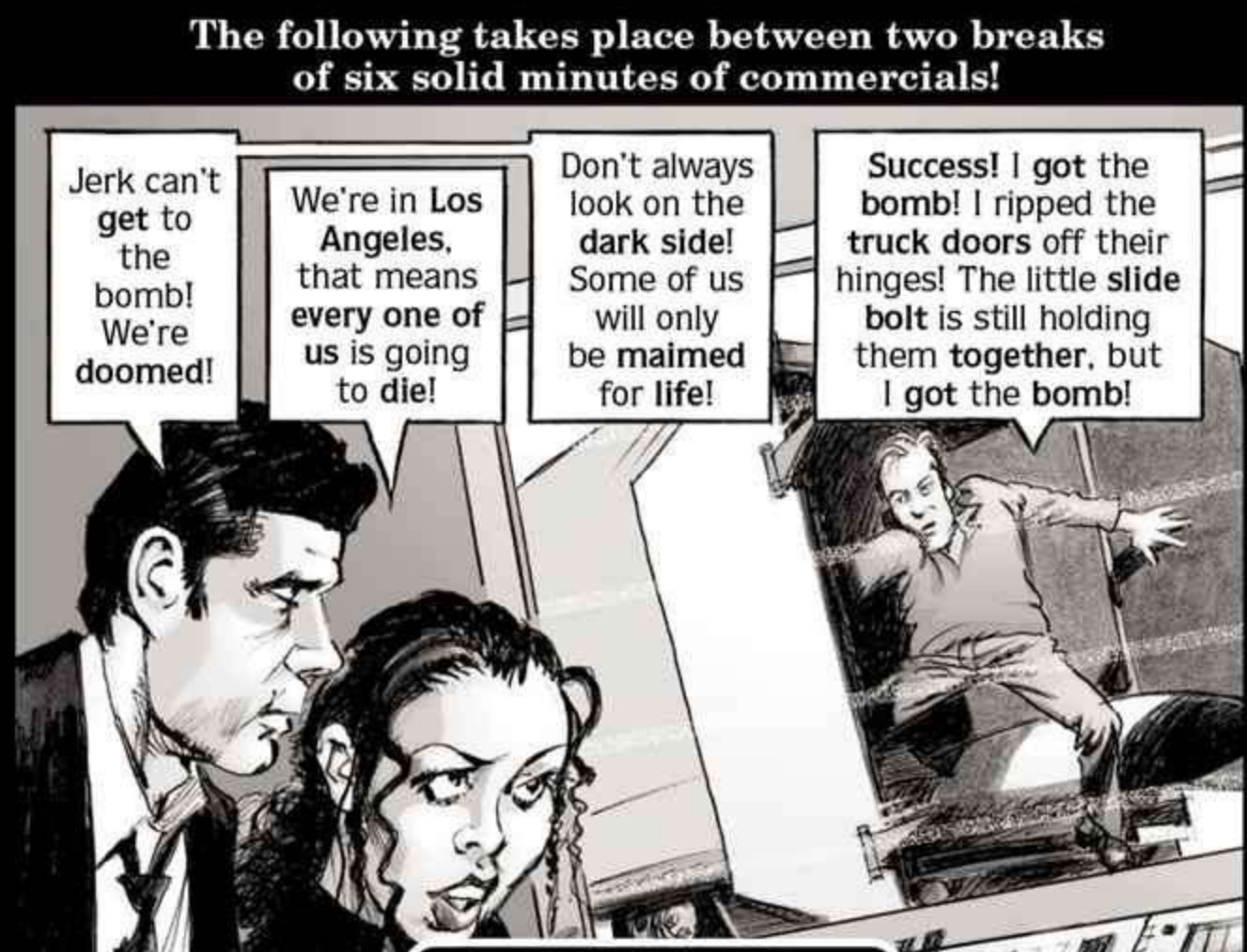
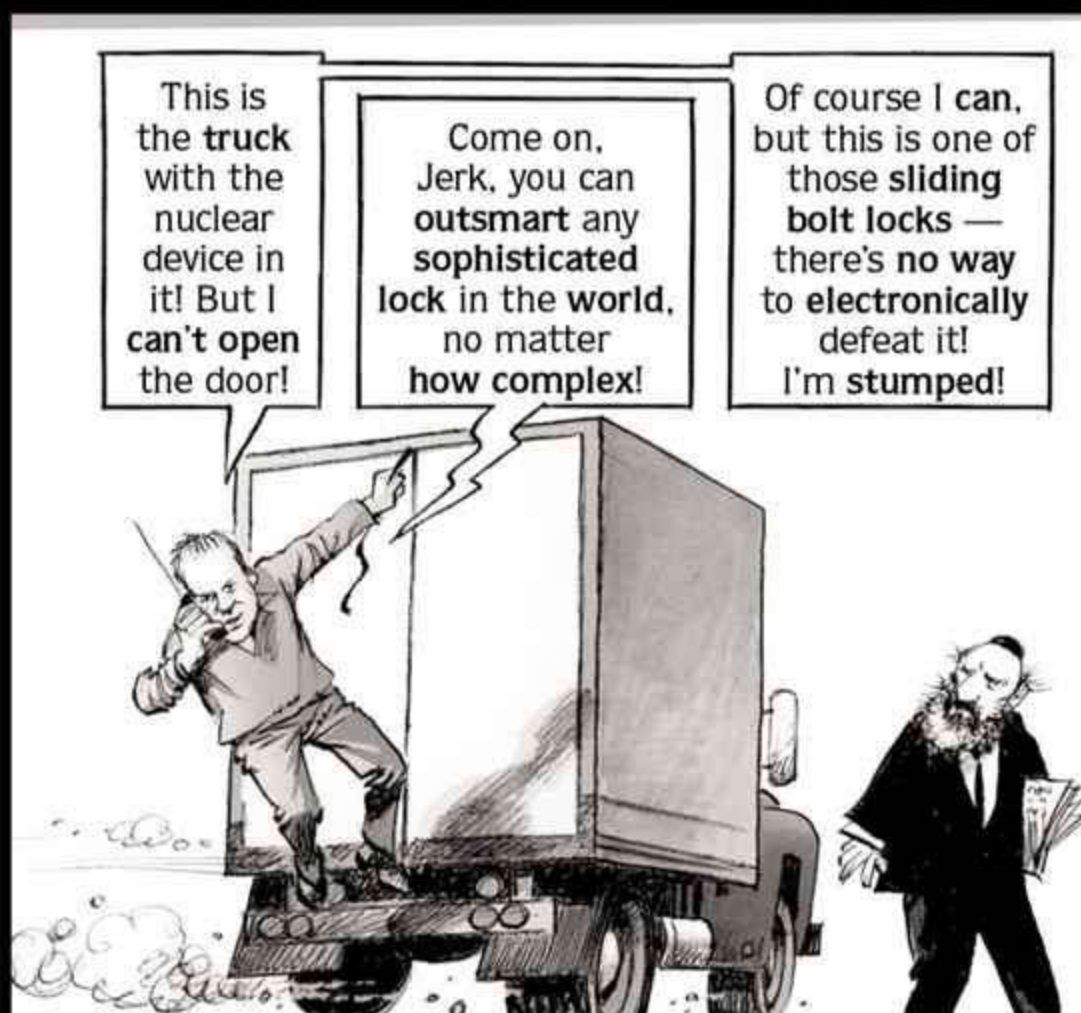
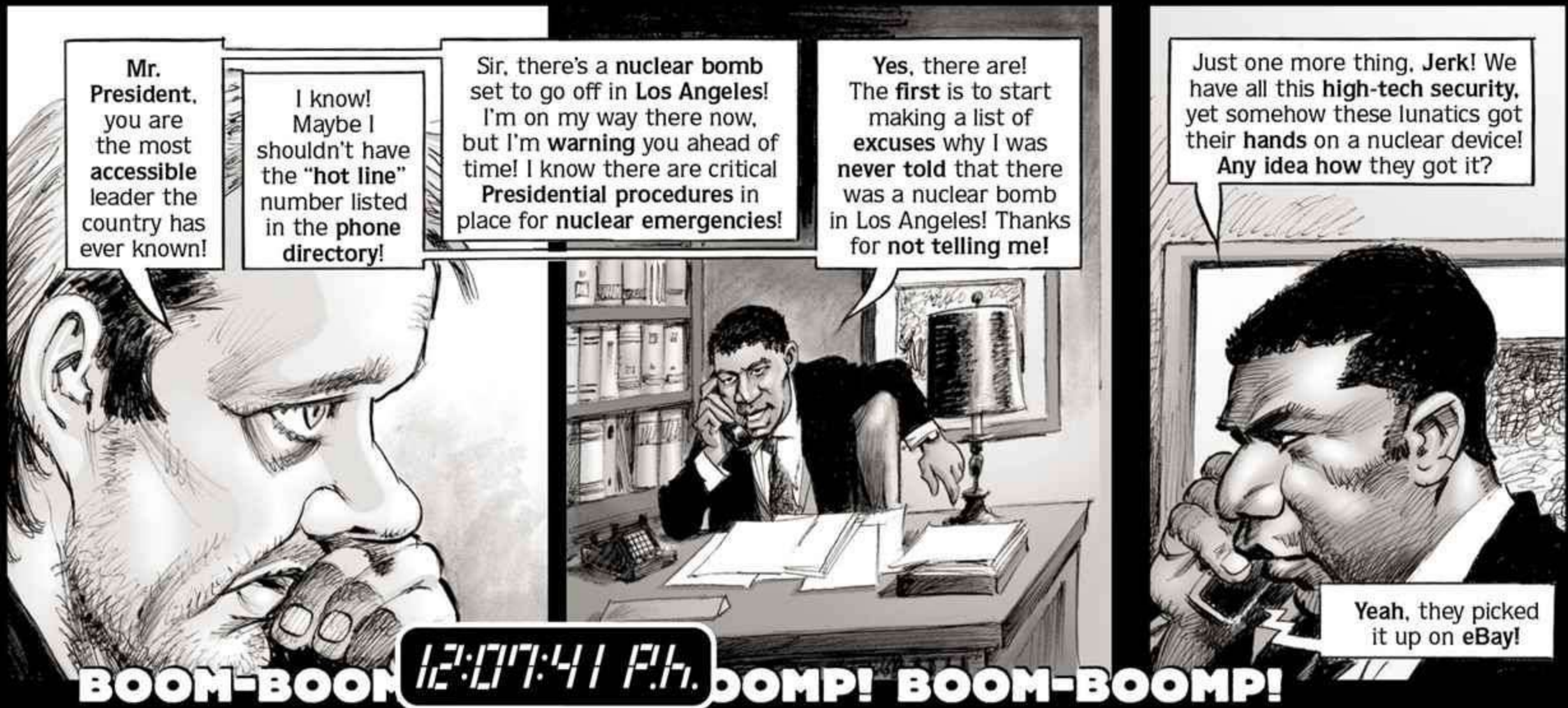
The following takes place after the writers drank straight Scotch from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. and then started writing the dialogue!



The following takes place between VIII p.m. and IX p.m.!







**BOOM-BOOMP! 01:02:03 C.O. P! BOOM**



Jerk, we fed x-ray pictures of that bomb from the SPY-CAM into our \$3 trillion super-high-tech government computer and we have the analysis!

The computer has narrowed the probable odds of the device going off to between 0 and 100%!

God bless that computer! Without it, we'd just be guessing!



05:02:75 HUT

BOOM-BOOMP!

MeRun, I need to run a few more errands! I'll leave you here, where you'll be safe!

What's a rifle range?

It's just like the one at the amusement park, except they use live ammo! Now, go over there and hide behind that target! You'll be safe until I come and get you!

RIFLE RANGE



The following takes place between this time



and this time!



I found the bomb, Mr. President, but I've been unable to defuse it! I fear it's going to go off!

Then take the bomb to Montana!

Montana, sir? I don't know anyone in Montana!

And I don't know anybody in Montana either! So it's a perfect place to bring it!



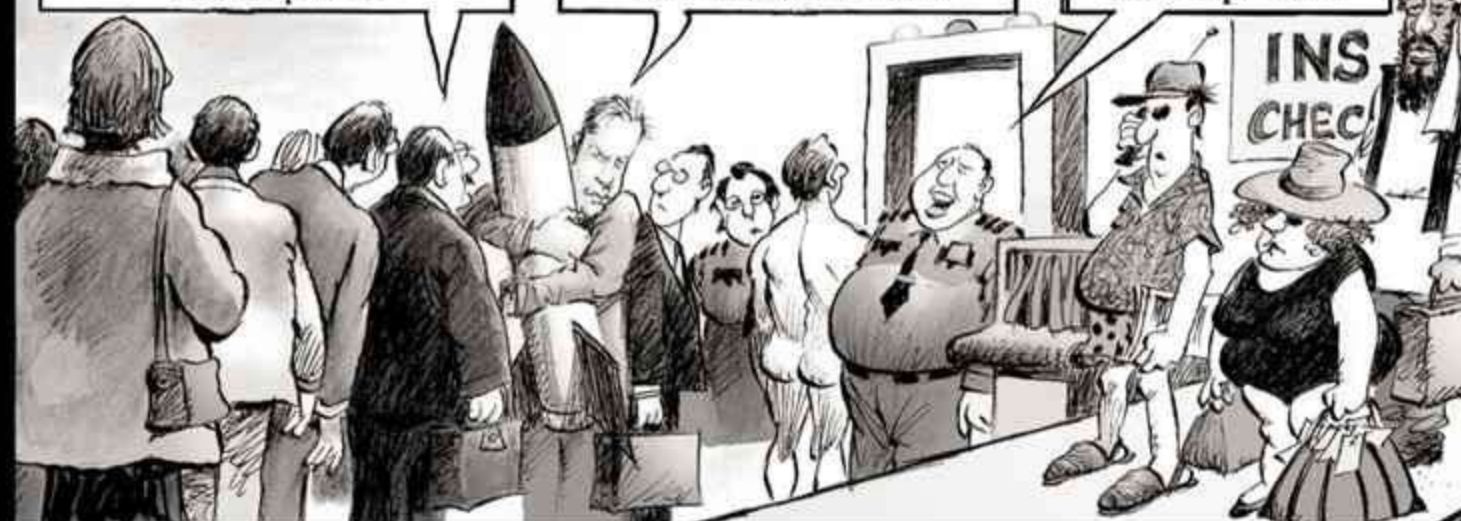
THE FOLLOWING TAKES PLACE IN 60 MINUTES.

I hope my flight to Montana isn't crowded!

It won't be! No one wants to go to Montana! Don't you think they'll stop you from carrying that nuclear bomb on the plane?

I don't think so! The sign says "No knives, no guns, no scissors, no meat cleavers, no sling shots, no machetes, no harpoons," but it doesn't say a word about "no nuclear devices," so I think I'm safe!

Ladies and gentlemen! The wait to get through security is one hour! Stay tuned for the next episode!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #429, MAY 2003

The nation is safe, sir! Well, at least from the bomb, not from me!

You disarmed it?

I didn't have to! You know that annoying digital clock that runs at the bottom of the screen?

Yes, the one that makes that damn drum beat with every tick?

Yep, that one! I took the battery out and it stopped! Without that corny countdown device, the bomb can't go off!

Did you know about the back-up battery? Jerk? Jerk????



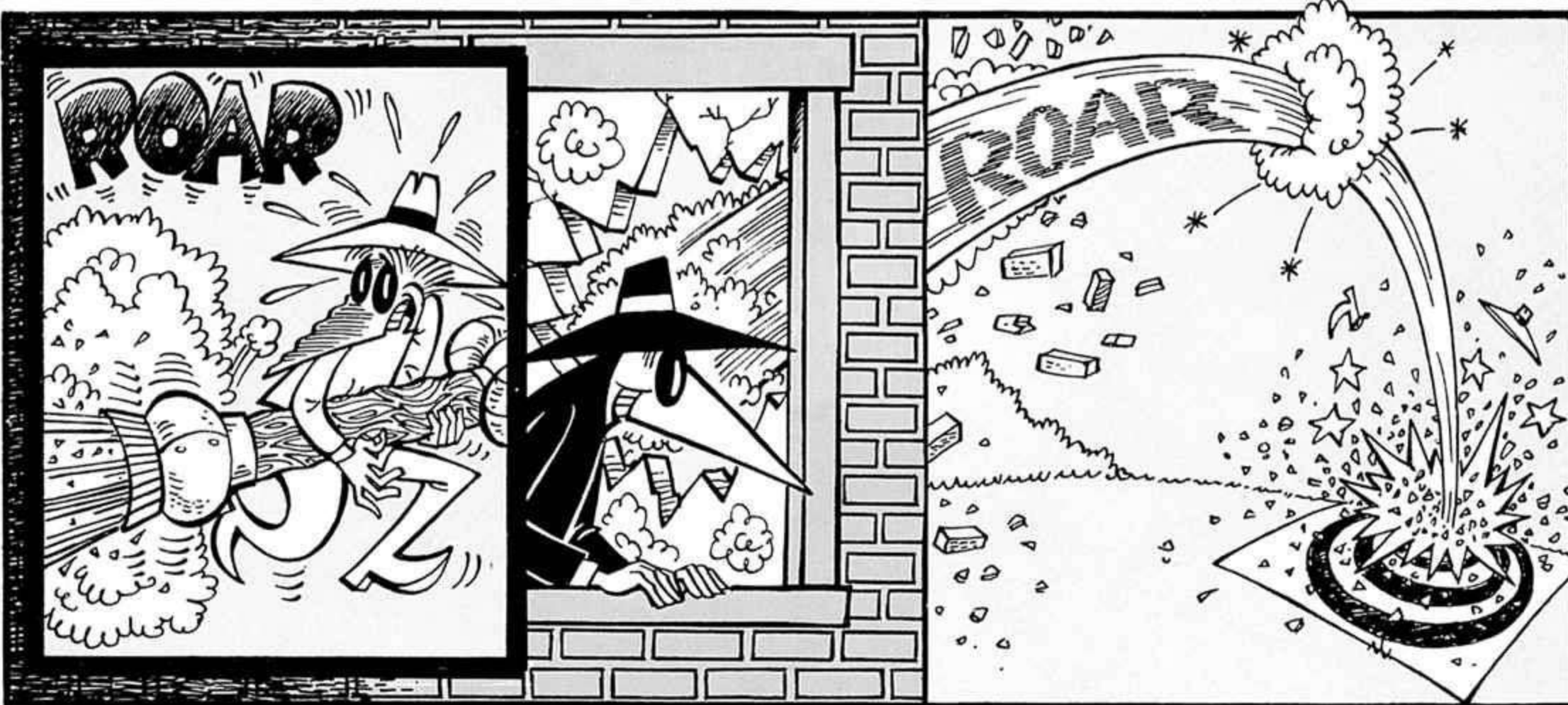
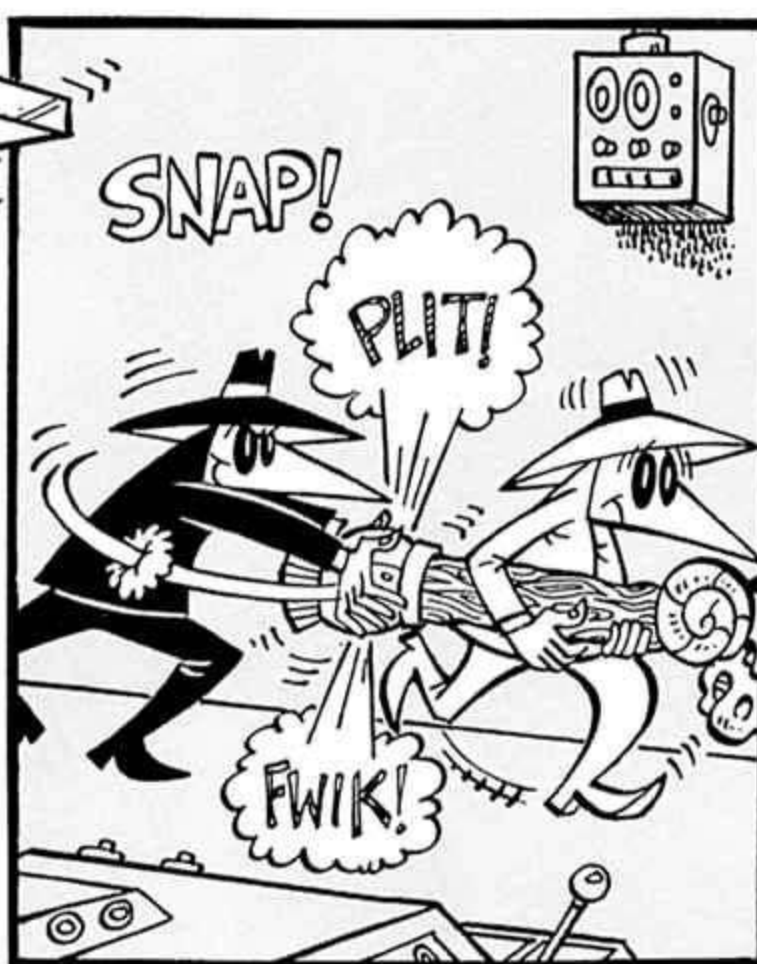
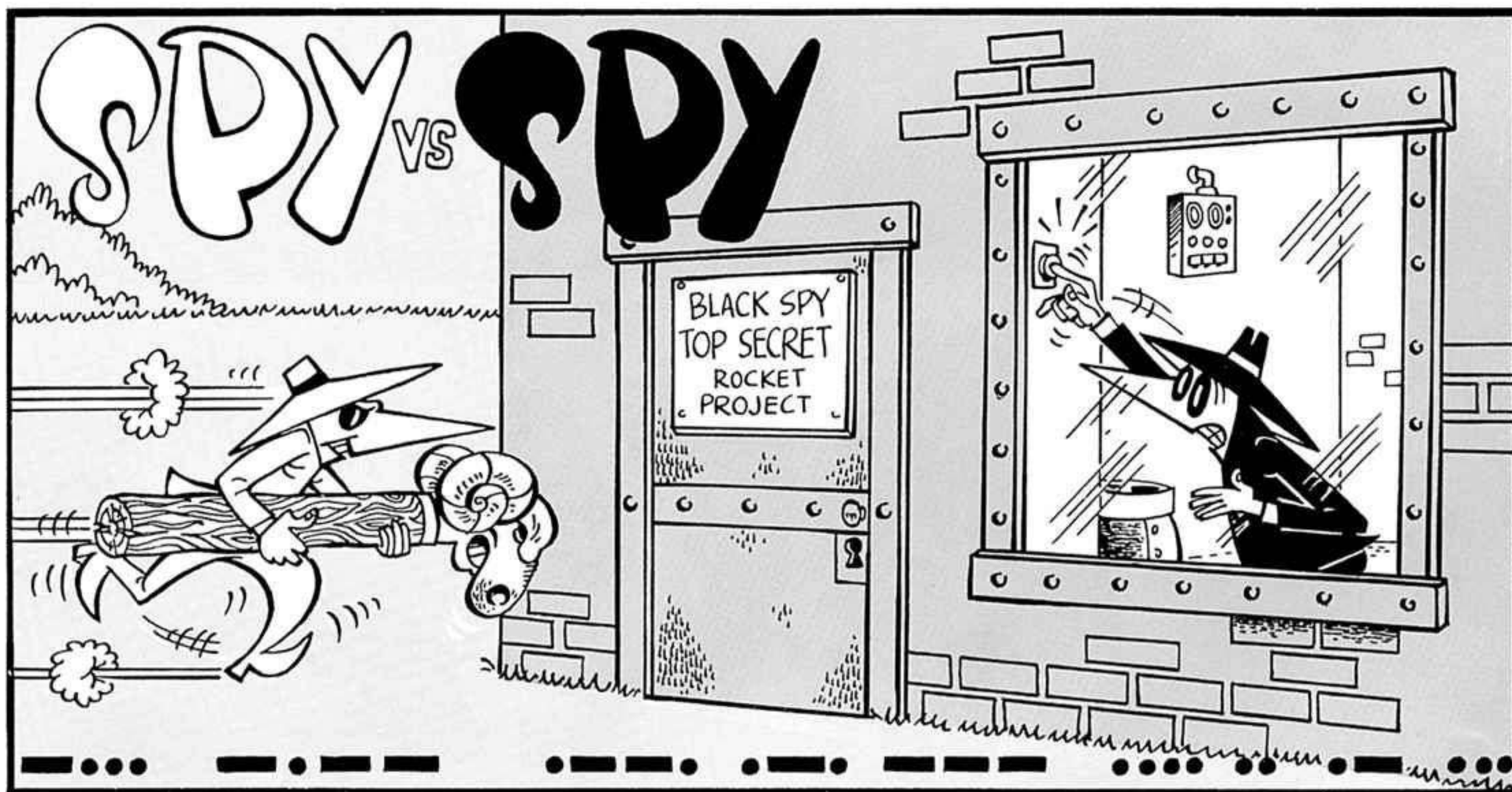
10:58:76...

5:43:21...

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM







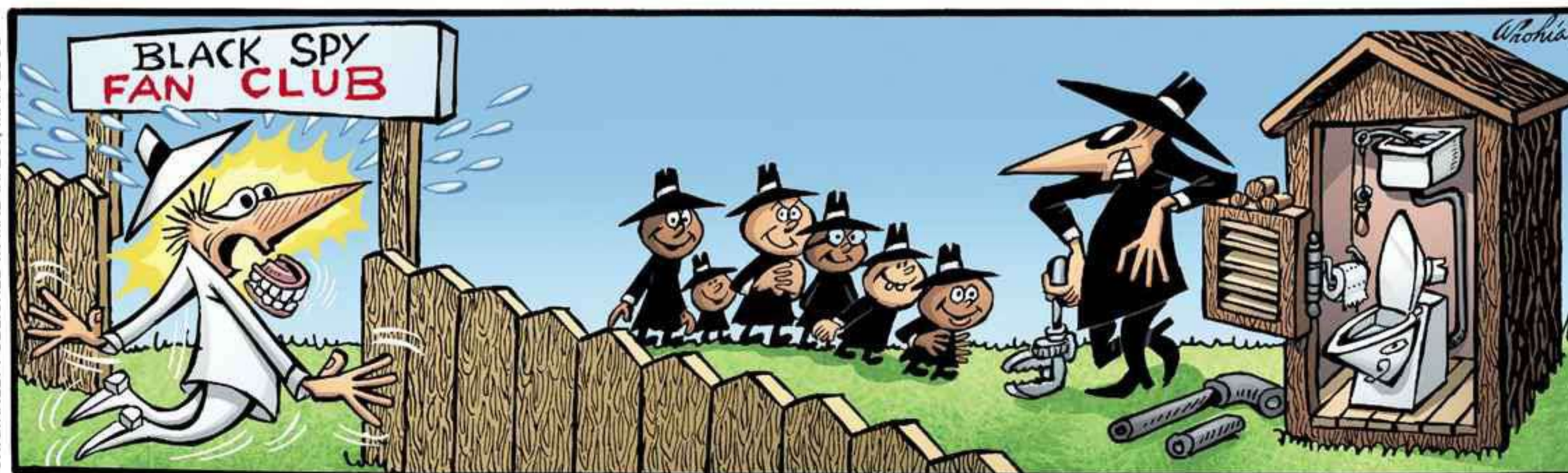
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #319, JUN 1993





# SPY VS SPY

WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN





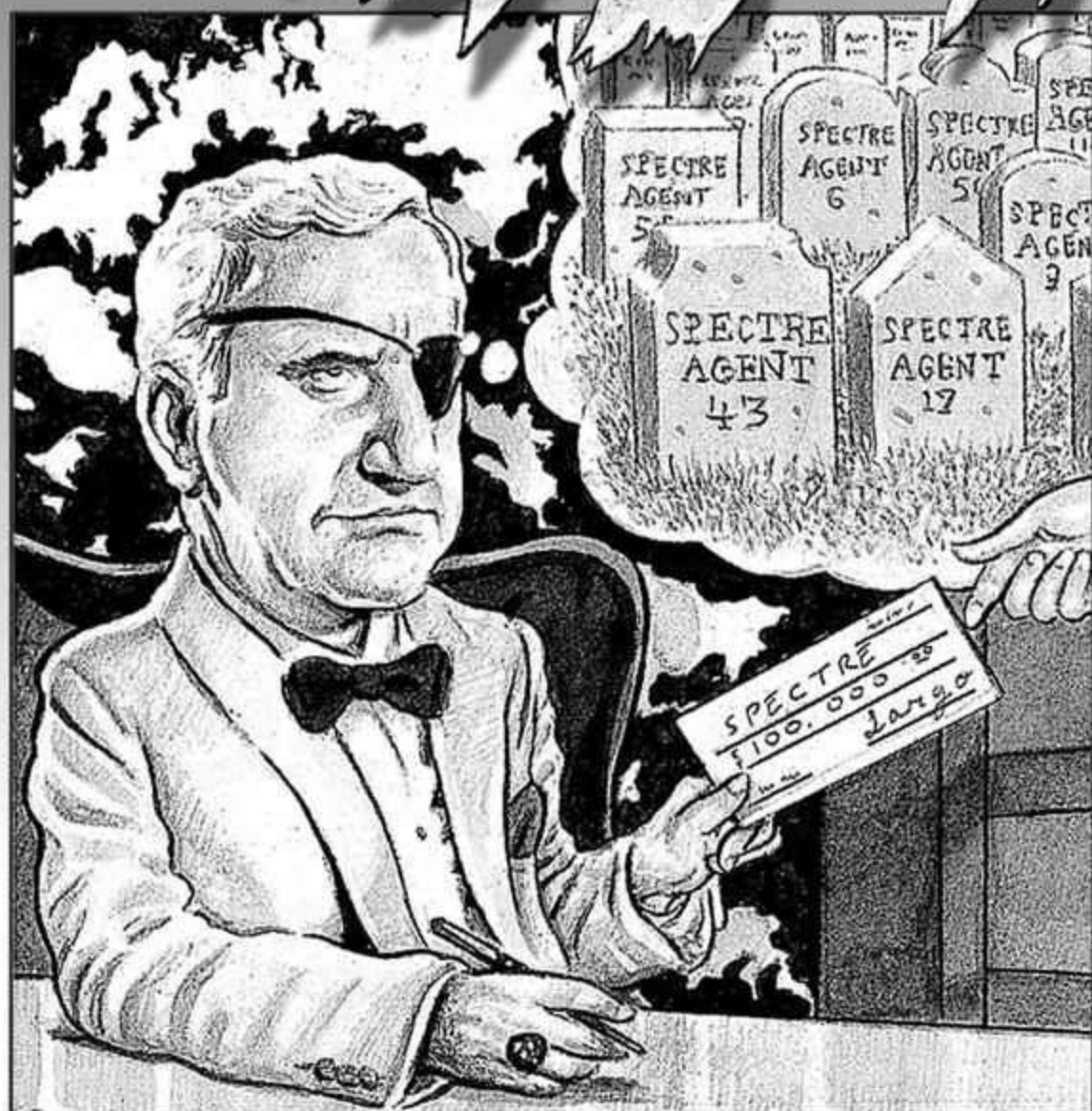


LET'S GET READY TO GRUMBLE DEPT.

Laser beams, tarantulas, explosions, witty death threats, handcuffs, secret passages, gadgets, violent henchmen and blueprints! But enough about Marv Albert's bedroom! This article is all about...

# JAMES BOND VILLAINS' PET PEEVES

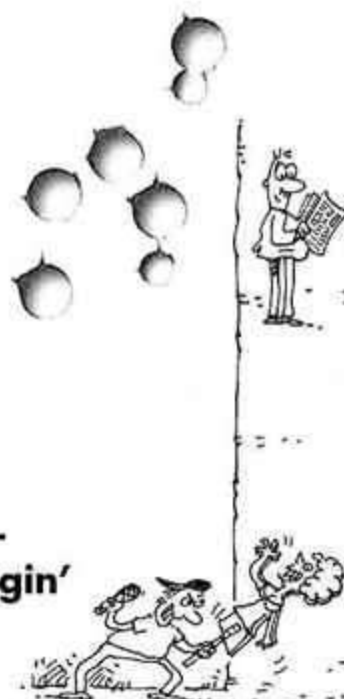
WRITER DESMOND DEVLIN  
ARTIST DREW FRIEDMAN



You're forced to contribute to the company pension plan, even though the average life expectancy of a member of organization is 26.3 years.

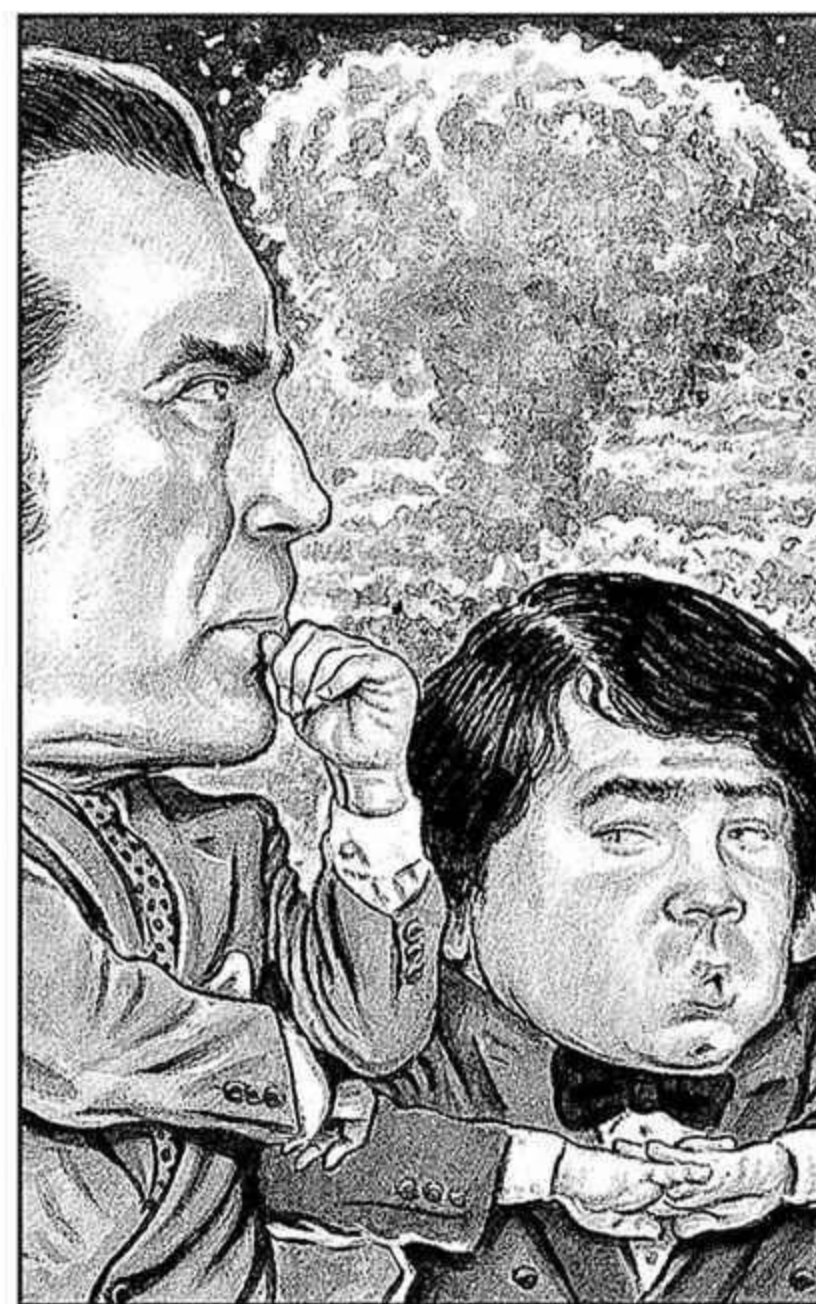


With all of Bond's hidden devices and micro-gadgets, you're too paranoid to work the friggin' coffee machine in the morning!

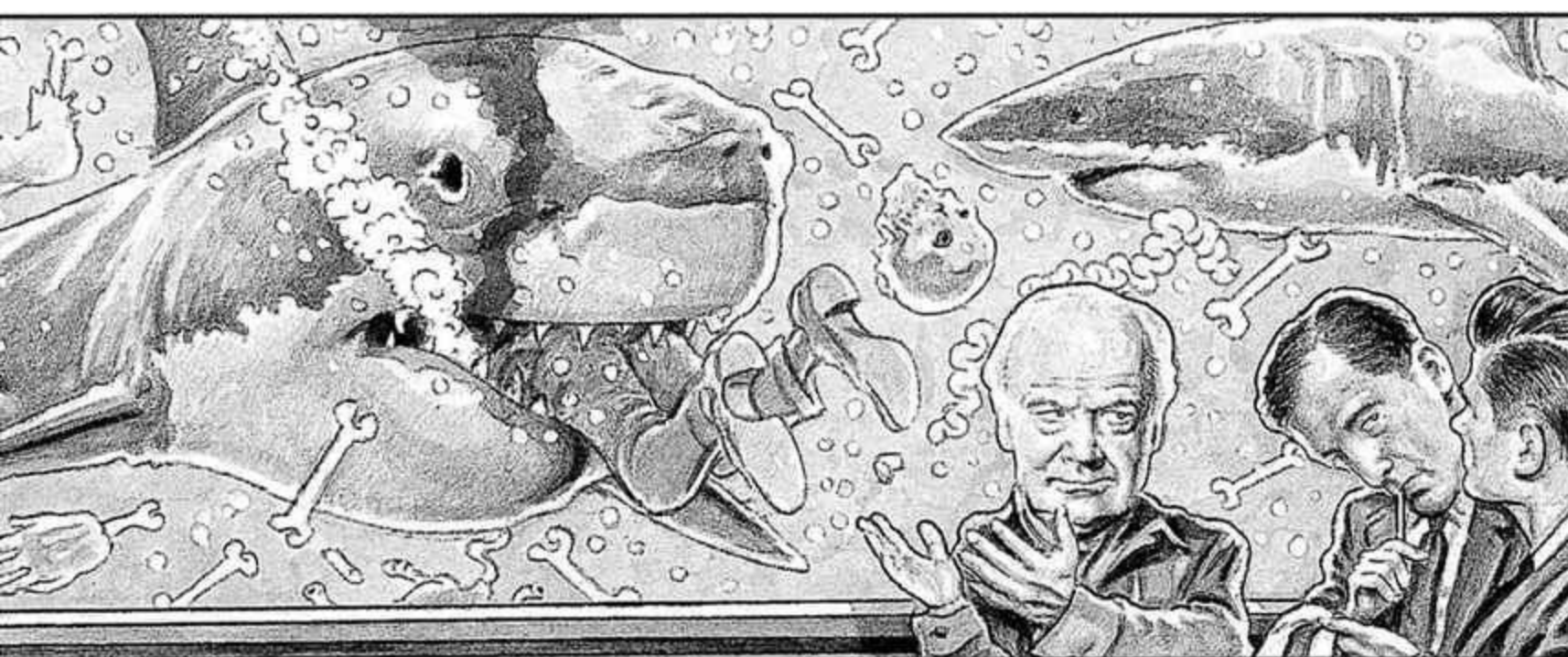




ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #365, JAN 1998



**Should have spent the extra \$50,000 for the off-shore hideaway WITHOUT the "destroy entire island" button.**



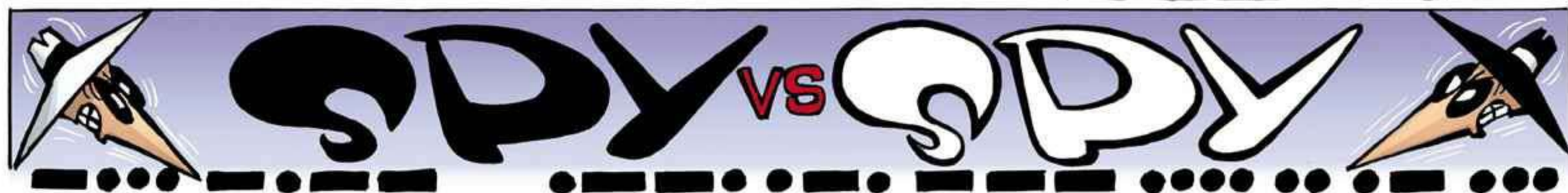
**Before they'll allow the deduction, the I.R.S. demands proof that you use your 1,800 foot shark tank exclusively for business.**



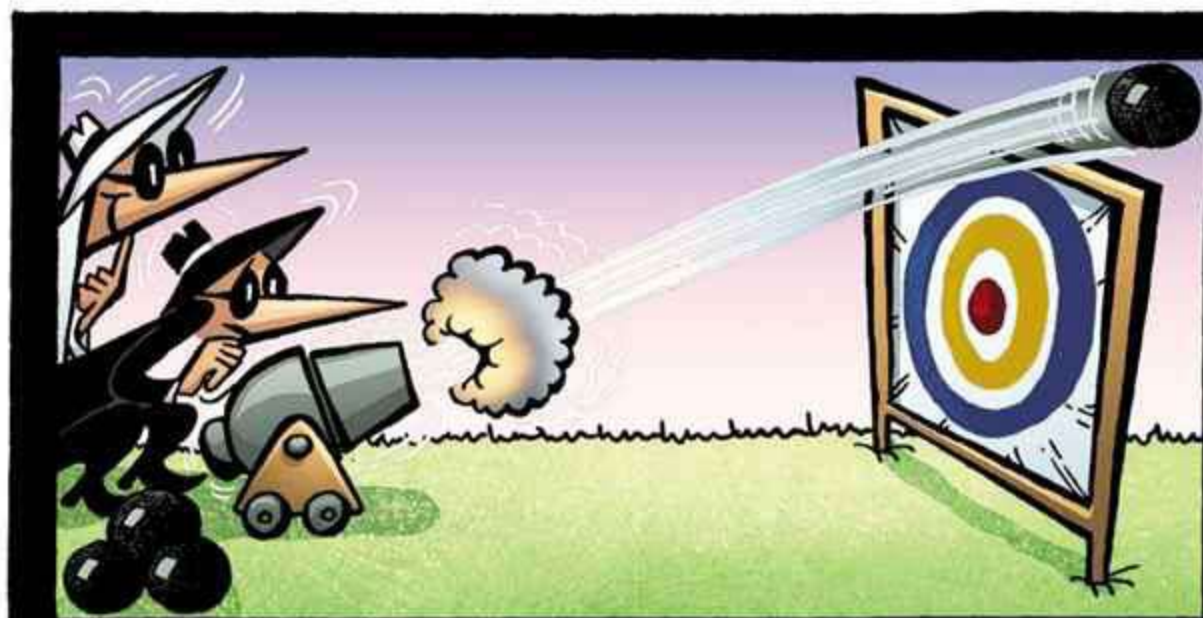
**Every time you  
and your criminal  
organization finally  
learn to recognize  
007 on sight, they  
send a new James  
Bond with a totally  
different face!**







WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #88, JUL 1964

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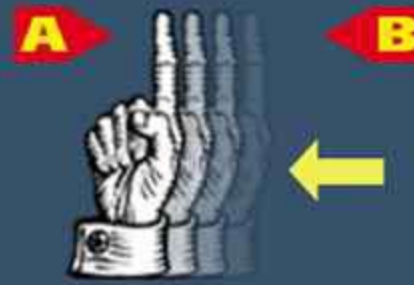






WHEN IS  
A SPY NOT  
A SPY?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



WHEN YOU  
AGREE TO  
THEIR TERMS  
OF USE

A B



# A **TV** SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



Good morning, Mr. Phelps! The man you are looking at has become a serious threat to the Impossible Mission Force.

He has squandered millions of dollars of government funds on such useless and extravagant contrivances as laser-beam fountain pens, radar wrist watches, closed-circuit mini-TV cameras embedded in belt buckles, and invisible sneakers . . .

In addition, he has created an unusual high-risk factor by ordering his co-workers to perform needlessly complex and dangerous tasks in order to carry out assignments that could have been accomplished relatively safely and simply.

In other words, Mr. Phelps . . . **YOU'RE FIRED!!**

Good luck in your next TV series, Jim . . .

This sink will self-destruct in five seconds . . .



# DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

SERGIO ARAGONES

